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"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."
—Theodore Roosevelt

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Next Week

Wets Must Become Democrats
By John Hemphill

A new era of prosperity will find the wet-dry issue dominant in politics, says the man who ran against Pinchot for Governor of Pennsylvania in 1930, and unless the present major parties decide definitely and flatly to espouse one side or the other new parties will arise. He predicts an end of temporizing and compromising with the problem.

T. R. and the Bosses
Continuing Roosevelt: A Serial Biography
By Henry F. Pringle

Boss Platt wanted to get Roosevelt out as Governer of New York, but Mark Hanna thought no "madman" should be Vice President. Matt Quay and Boies Penrose were on Platt's side and Roosevelt was nominated and elected—his last step to the Presidency. A vivid narrative of the political manipulations of one of the most colorful periods in Republican history.

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WITH OUR READERS

When Is a Divorce?

To the Editor: *New York City*

SIR—In the article "When is a Divorce?" published in your paper of September 30th last the writer in stating that no state is required to recognize a divorce granted by another state to a husband or wife whose last home in wedlock was in the state which seeks to invalidate the decree says, "an exception arises, however, when both parties to an action voluntarily put themselves under the jurisdiction of an outstate court" from which it is inferred that the divorce would be legal and would be recognized by the state in which was the last home in wedlock of the husband and wife. This is not the law of at least two states, Massachusetts and New Jersey.

The New Jersey statute after stating that full faith and credit shall be given to a decree of divorce by a court of competent jurisdiction in another state when the jurisdiction of such court was obtained in the manner and in substantial conformity with the conditions prescribed in this act, adds, "if an inhabitant of this state shall go into another state, territory or country, in order to obtain a decree of divorce for a cause which occurred while the parties resided in this state or for a cause which is not ground for divorce under the laws of this state, a decree so obtained shall be of no force or effect in this state."

The New Jersey court has upheld this clause of the act and declared a Reno divorce obtained under such circumstances of no force or effect when both husband and wife appeared in the action. So a subsequent marriage by either party in such a divorce would be bigamy according to the laws of New Jersey and the issue of such an alliance illegitimate.

READER.

Sportsmanship Afloat

To the Editor: *New York City*

SIR—In your recent article on Sir Thomas Lipton ("The Spotlight on Sports," OUTLOOK, Oct. 14), you implied that he was cheated out of the America's cup in the third race between the *Shamrock IV* and the *Resolute*. The *Resolute* is a light-weather boat; the *Shamrock* is a heavy weather boat, and on the day on which it blew half a gale and was therefore *Shamrock* weather, the Race Committee called the race off, thereby cheating the *Shamrock* out of the Cup.

As a matter of fact, the Race Committee had no power to call off a race without the consent of both competing yachts. On that day the *Resolute* arrived at the line first. She was carrying as little sail as possible, and she could not reduce it farther because her sail had no reefing points. The *Shamrock* arrived at the line later, and her mainsail was reefed. There was considerable dismay on the part of the *Shamrock* crew because she had been plunging into the seas, taking water through her fore hatch, and also through the openings in the deck through which her halliards ran. Her entire forecastle was flooded and her crew were not only afraid to start but were afraid they could not get back to Sandy Hook before she sank.

The Race Committee signaled the *Resolute*, asking if she would consent to a postponement. The *Resolute* did not answer the signal. The captain of the *Shamrock*, noting the silence of the *Resolute*, expressed his fears to Mr. C. Sherman Hoyt, the American observer aboard the *Shamrock*, and concluded he would have to race. Then the Committee Boat signaled the *Shamrock*, asking if they would consent to a postponement, and the *Shamrock* immediately answered, "Yes." A few minutes later the *Resolute* also hoisted the affirmative signal, and the race was postponed.

Please note that the *Resolute* did not ask for a postponement; that the *Shamrock* consented to the postponement before the *Resolute*, and that the committee was not empowered to postpone the race without the consent of both contestants. True, it was the *Shamrock's* weather, and if she could have held together and avoided sinking, she would probably have beaten the *Resolute;* but to conclude that the Race Committee violated the spirit of good sportsmanship in postponing the race is an unwarrantable conclusion from the facts.

In some of the early races, the sportsmanship of both the British and American entries may be open to question in the light of present-day standards, but certainly of recent years the New York Yacht Club has leaned backwards in its spirit of fairness in the conduct of the international races. The well-deserved praise of Sir Thomas Lipton's sportsmanship is too often tainted with an implication that his competitors were not equally good sportsmen, and I feel that some one should emphasize the commendable sporting characteristics of the defenders who have always sailed hard but did their winning fairly and squarely.

H. A. CALAHAN.

Oppressive Laws

To the Editor: *Antioch, Calif.*

SIR—I thank you for publishing the many fine sane letters about prohibition, for I realize that it takes a fine type of mental courage to withstand the attacks of the prohibitionists on account of your doing it, but since I think they are as drunk with their sense of power that being on the law's side gives them, as any one can be drunk with liquor, I am glad to see that you do not mind them.

The selfishness and brutality of laws made by people who desire to destroy all personal liberty, as the prohibitionists wish to do, is on a par with the old Blue Laws of the witch hunting days. I agree, as a loyal American, with our American ancestors who said: when laws become oppressive and unjust it is not only our right but our duty to oppose them.

MRS. K. L. NEVINS.

Poor But Honest

To the Editor: *Chicago*

SIR—I admire the policy of your magazine expressed in the quotation, "Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords." People who criticize this policy make the mistake of believing that there is such a thing as a nonpartisan newspaper or magazine. Theoretically, the policies of these publications are made known only on the editorial pages. Actually, the beliefs of the editors are evident on every page. These beliefs are not put in the form of truthfully straightforward statements, but are shown in the distortion of facts and in the clever use of connotative words.

Very often I disagree with you violently; but I have to admit that you are to be admired for your frankness. You may be obnoxious, but you are honest.

GARRETT HARDIN.

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HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

Trend of the Week

Thomas Alva Edison

"MR. EDISON, one of the great technical inventors to whom we owe the possibility of alleviation and embellishment of our outward life, has departed from us.

"An inventive spirit has filled his own life and all our existence with bright light. Thankfully we accept his legacy, not only as a gift of his genius, but also as a mission placed in our hands. For to the new generation falls the task of finding the way for the right use of the gift given to us. Only if it solves this task will the new generation be worthy of its inheritance and become really happier than former generations."—Professor Albert Einstein.

Gandhi on Volsteadism

"IT WAS a brave step, worthy of America, to have undertaken the most difficult task for her of total prohibition," Mahatma Gandhi has written to Arthur J. Davis of the Massachusetts Anti-Saloon League. "It would be a shame and a rude shock to reformers throughout the world if for any cause America abandoned the policy and returned to the drink evil."

What a pity that Gandhi does not know what he is talking about. "A shame and a rude shock to reformers," forsooth, were America to abandon a policy whose curious consequences have been bootlegging, rum-smuggling, beer-running, hijacking, corrupted police forces, sidewalk machine-gunning, ginger jake, sheep-dip cocktails, five-and-ten laws, life-for-a-pint sentences, bargain days in congested courts, drinking-dry Congressmen, school children with hip-flasks, disregard and disobedience of federal law, Willebrandt wine, wire-tapping, kitchen dives and all the wretched rest of it. Will it be "a shame and a rude shock to reformers" if America abandons that policy? It will be a shame and a rude shock to reformers if she doesn't.

Remember MacDonald

IN THE MIDST of the great expectations aroused by the visit of Premier Laval of France it is well to recall what happened during the recent visit of Premier MacDonald of Great Britain. It is well to recall the American cruisers sent out to greet Mr. MacDonald's liner, the 19-gun salute, the procession up New York Bay, the ticker-taped parade up Broadway, the ovation at City Hall, the world-wide radio broadcast, and, in a single day, the 35,000 words cabled abroad. It is well to recall that Mr. MacDonald made five official addresses, talked to both the Senate and the House, laid at least one wreath, attended innumerable luncheons and dinners, was host to a group of Philadelphia doctors, had his bronze bust placed in the Corcoran Art Gallery, and received another 19-gun salute at Washington, an honorary degree or so and the freedom of New York City. It is well to recall, finally, that his visit was called epochal by press, pulpit and politicians—to the point where it became heresy to suggest that no new era would eventuate.

That is what happened—a fraction of what happened—when Mr. MacDonald visited Mr. Hoover. And the result—well, the result, alas, was a piffling little naval treaty, good enough so far as it went, no doubt, though it barely went at all. So far as the MacDonald visit was concerned it proved to be a most ironical climax. And now, so far as the Laval visit is concerned, we can but issue the caution that the time to exult and throw up our hats will be when, and if, we look upon what has actually been accomplished thereby and find it good.

Capone Convicted

HE ERRS who thinks that the conviction of Al Capone for evasion of federal income taxes is a matter of no importance. To be sure, it is of little importance as it relates to prohibition, but it is of great importance as it relates to politics. Nowadays, of course, the supply of liquor in great cities like Chicago is determined almost wholly by the demand, and will not diminish until the demand diminishes. Lop off a liquor dealer and another will bob up to take his place, for the risk of eventual conviction is outweighed by the enormous profits.

But, though it is true that Chicago will continue to violate the prohibition laws as usual, this in no wise lessens the importance of the Capone conviction as political propaganda. Americans will hear a lot of that conviction before they have grown a year older. It will make first-class ammunition for stump speakers supporting our present dry Administration in the next campaign. Addressing drys, they will use it to show that the Administration is heart and soul for law enforcement, and getting results, too. Addressing wets and half-and-halfs, they will use it to show that Capones are not an inevitable accompaniment of prohibi-

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tion and that the dry laws are really enforceable after all. Practiced and perfervid stumpers will find it easy to forget, and make some of their hearers forget, that, though Capone has been convicted —convicted, ludicrously enough, for failing to divvy up with the government— hundreds of thousands of bootleggers are still going full blast, and that Volsteadism is farcically unenforced and hopelessly unenforceable, altogether wrong in principle, utterly ridiculous in practice.

▶▶*Fifty Years of Progress*

THE CELEBRATION of the French and American victory at Yorktown requires no comment; the events speak for themselves. As a former correspondent of the OUTLOOK has written, "The isolation of the spot, the difficulty in reaching it, the lack of accommodations when one had got there, the heat of the weather and the tardiness of those who had the preparations in charge made it doubtful whether the undertaking would not collapse at the critical moment, or at any rate disappoint the expectations of those who had come so far to participate in it. The American, however, is apt to come up to the emergency, and although for a number of days beforehand everything was in a state of confusion and squalor, yet before the appointed hour had arrived matters were measurably straightened out and the celebration proceeded with considerable éclat.

"The event of Tuesday was the laying of the cornerstone of the monument in which President Arthur took part.

Keystone

THOMAS ALVA EDISON

The appropriation for its erection was made by Congress nearly a hundred years ago, and it is unfortunate that the wisdom of a century had not evolved something that will befit the occasion and be creditable to American artistic skill. It was on Wednesday, the 19th, that the principal ceremonies took place. A rude shed had been erected for the accommodation of the speakers and their audience. The platform seen from the auditorium presented a brilliant spectacle, the bright colors of the flags and of the French uniforms gaily lighting up what would otherwise have been a bare and dismal interior. On the platform with the President were the French and German guests, the Cabinet officers, the governors of the several States, General Sherman and his staff, and various other dignitaries of greater or less importance. The President's address, which came first on the programme, was received with great enthusiasm and indeed there has been nothing in all the recent literature of the subject that has so finely caught or eloquently expressed the real significance of the occasion. President Arthur gave the proceedings, at the start, the direction which it was most desirable they should take, and turned what might have become in less skillful hands an occasion of offense to Great Britain into a demonstration of the heartiest good-will.

"It had been expected that the celebration would last over Friday, but since the French visitors desired to leave, the military and naval parades were crowded into one day and the affair terminated on Thursday evening. Along the dusty road where the Americans had stood, and through which the defeated English had marched into the field beyond, filed the American troops of today—first the regular infantry companies, then the marine corps, followed by sailors from the fleet, and afterwards the militia, led by the Catham Artillery of Georgia, whose organization dates from 1786. Those who had fought over the same ground twenty years ago, as General Hancock, the commanding officer of the occasion did, must have experienced a strange sensation to see the soldiers of the South marching side by side and fraternizing with those of the North, and winning equal encomiums for their soldierly bearing and martial tread." Thus our correspondent. He was writing, of course, to the OUTLOOK of 1881.

▶▶*Brazil Defaults*

THE SUSPENSION by the Brazilian government of cash interest payments on most of its bonds held abroad would occasion comparatively little concern in the United States if it were as simple as it sounds. The suspension involves bonds of less than $600,000,000 face value— $150,000,000 worth held in the United

CAUGHT AND CONVICTED

Alphonse Capone, found guilty of evading income taxes

States—and is scheduled for but three years. Instead of paying interest in cash, Brazil will pay it in scrip to bear five per cent interest itself and to be retired in twenty to forty years. Here, then, it would seem, is nothing but a temporary loss for Americans of three annual cash payments of about $10,000,000 each— Brazilian bonds pay 6 to 7½ per cent interest.

But the matter may not end here. In the first place, we can have no guarantee that Brazil will be able to resume cash interest payments at the end of three years. If such were assured, her government probably could have floated loans to care for the suspended payments. In the second place, what has been done for Brazil's federal bonds may be done for her state bonds, of which Americans hold nearly $200,000,000 worth; negotiations concerning these bonds are in progress at this very moment. In the third place, what has been done in Brazil may be done in other Latin-American countries. While the governments in most of them have never had Brazil's reputation for stability, the economic conditions in most of them are as bad as, if not worse than, those which forced the Brazilian suspension. Moreover, if this suspension was forecast by startling nose-dives in the market value of Brazil's bonds, then additional suspensions may be forecast by similarly startling nose-dives which have taken place in the market value of other South American bonds. If the next few years bring no worse news than this from Rio de Janeiro, American bondholders will be lucky indeed.

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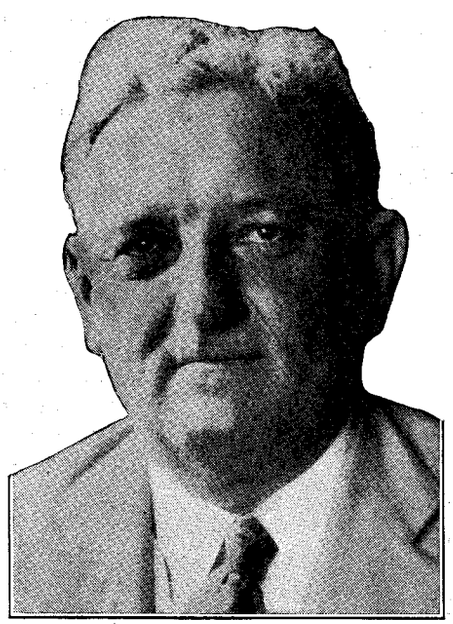
▶▶On to Washington, Huey

IT IS TIME for Huey Long to go on to a bigger stage and a broader audience. While his war against claimants to his title as Governor of Louisiana is amusing enough in a way, it is an inferior vehicle for his side-splitting talents.

Elected to the United States Senate last year, our Huey, moved by the exigencies of Louisiana politics, decided to serve out his term as Governor before moving on to Congress, as other Senators-elect have done before him. Dr. Long (LL. D., Loyola) had as Lieutenant-Governor, however, one Dr. Paul N. Cyr, eminent Jeanerette dentist, who has been an ardent Long-hater for some time. Just as Dr. Long desired to retain the governorship in order to control the Democratic primaries in January and thereby determine his successor, so Dr. Cyr coveted it in order to build up his own machine. Hence Dr. Cyr's *coup d'état* and Dr. Long's *coup de maître*.

Contending that Dr. Long automatically lost his present job when he was elected to the Senate, Dr. Cyr induced a deputy court clerk at Shreveport to swear him in as Governor. Unhappily, however, he failed to take Dr. Long's capitol at Baton Rouge, which Dr. Long ordered the Louisiana National Guard to protect, as it did, despite orders to the contrary by Dr. Cyr. Thus rendered helpless, the pretender was rendered ridiculous when some unknown unemployed man also took the oath as Governor and rendered jobless himself when the president *pro tem* of the state Senate took the oath as Lieutenant-Governor.



Keystone

HUEY'S THORN
Dr. Paul N. Cyr, who claims Long's job as governor of Louisiana

So Huey seems to have won again, and he has also made a lot of Louisianans laugh again. Nevertheless, he should now take thought not merely of a state audience for his buffoonery but of the great national audience that awaits him. Entertaining a single state may be good enough for a Cyr. It is not good enough for a Long. In Washington, though, with Tom Heflin and Cole Blease gone, Huey would have the stage almost to himself—save, of course, for an occasional Brookhart—and the eyes of the whole country would be upon him. No doubt about it—Washington's the place for Huey to clown in now.

▶▶Privileged Concentrates

DISPATCHES from Washington declare that federal authorities plan no special campaign against the sale of grape concentrates, now that a federal judge in Kansas City, Missouri, has found a concentrate-distributing company guilty of violating the dry law. The assurance is hardly necessary. As every one now knows, the federal authorities, far from harassing the concentrate-sellers, are helping them in every way possible.

They have cheerfully accepted that construction of the Volstead law which holds that home-made wine, unlike other alcoholic beverages, is legal unless "intoxicating in fact"—that is, unless called intoxicating by a jury. They have never asked the Supreme Court to overrule this construction. Neither have they ever asked Congress to amend the law so that no such construction would be possible.

If they wished, they might ask the Supreme Court to outlaw the sale of California grape concentrates, and possibly the court would do so, since the Volstead act specifically provides that it be liberally interpreted so as to prevent the use of intoxicating liquor. Instead, they have actually subsidized the grape-growers with funds from the Federal Farm Board. They have also decided to prosecute the concentrate seller only when they can prove that his products are sold "with an intent that they be used in the manufacture of a beverage which is intoxicating in fact." Since intent is difficult to prove, this means that their rule is not to prosecute concentrate sellers at all. The exceptions come only when the sellers forget to be discreet, or when some district prohibition official tackles them without encouragement from Washington.

What it comes down to is that the Administration is making a covert and piffling wet gesture. Intended to satisfy both wets and drys—as well as the grape

growers of Mr. Hoover's home state—it is actually satisfying neither. It irritates the drys and strikes the wets as simply another example of hypocrisy in high places.

▶▶Fur 'n Agin It Again

PRESIDENT HOOVER is still undecided whether he loves the taxpayers more than the unemployed or the unemployed more than the taxpayers. On Wednesdays he sidles up to the unemployed with plans for costly public works programs. On Thursdays he sidles up to the taxpayers with plans for drastic economies in government, though the fact is that no economy can possibly prevent another whopping deficit next June. On Fridays—on Friday, October 16, for example—he sidles up to the unemployed and the taxpayers both.

On that day Mr. Hoover said in one breath that, times being what they are, the only sound fiscal policy "is to reduce the expenditures of the government to the last cent consonant with the obligations of the government." In the next breath he said that "the federal government must make its contribution to expanded employment so long as the present situation continues." In a third breath he said that "these are times when with the large deficit facing the country even meritorious projects can, must and will be deferred." Two days later, in a radio address from Fortress Monroe, Virginia, he said that "the federal government is taking its part in aid to unemployment through the advancement and enlargement of public works in all parts of the nation."

Boil all this down and what we have is the self-contradictory statement that the government must save money so as to relieve the taxpayers but must spend money so as to relieve the unemployed.

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So far as we can see, no one can possibly object to this program—at any rate, not to more than half of it.

For Wage Insurance

IT IS easy to understand why the American Federation of Labor, at its convention in Vancouver, opposed compulsory unemployment insurance which involves government contributions—the dreaded dole. It is difficult to understand why the Federation did not advocate compulsory unemployment insurance which does not involve government contributions. There is no dole to affright any one here. It is, at its best, simply a sound method by which employees, aided by employers, may save for a rainy day.

If the business depression has taught us anything, it is that some form of unemployment insurance is indispensable. The obvious form for the United States, the form which best accords with our traditions, is that in which the government extends no financial assistance whatever, in which the funds are contributed by employers and employees alone. To the development of this form so that it will be fair both to union and non-union labor, and generally acceptable to state legislatures, the Federation might well devote its best talents.

Few people realize that the dole is not an inevitable accompaniment of unemployment insurance. Fewer realize that several unemployment insurance systems, financed by employers, by employees, or by both, are already in operation in the United States. The task ahead of us is to extend such insurance until it covers practically all our industries. This, as the Rockefeller-financed Industrial Relations Counselors reported last December after careful study of the subject, "will come only through legislation." Human nature being what it is, employers are not eager to set aside funds for unemployment insurance just as they now set aside funds for accident insurance. They must, therefore, be compelled to do so by state legislatures.

The Church in Spain

FERNANDO DE LOS RIOS, Spanish Minister of Justice, goes astray when he says that his country intends to place the church "in the same position as in America." The evident intention in Spain is not merely to disestablish the church but to dismember it. The provisions relating to the church in the new Spanish Constitution scarcely resemble the First Amendment to our own Constitution declaring that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

It is not surprising to find hostility to the church so intense and widespread in Spain. So closely related were the monarchy and the Catholic church that the overthrow of the one inevitably meant attacks upon the other. As soon as Alfonso was expelled it became apparent that anti-clericalism—as well as the separatist tendencies of certain provinces—would complicate Spain's job of transforming itself into a republic. Temporarily the separatist movements have died down, but on October 14, six

Wide World

ANTI-CLERICAL
Don Manuel Azana, new president of Spain

months to the day after the Spanish revolution, the feeling against the church reached a climax in the resignation of President Alcala Zamora.

Though a Catholic, Zamora was evidently willing to have the Cortes, or National Assembly, adopt Article III of the new Constitution, declaring that "No official state religion exists." He was not, however, willing to have hostility toward the church carried further. Hence he opposed and brought about the defeat of another article—dissolving all church orders and nationalizing their property—and resigned when, despite his opposition, the Cortes adopted Article XXIV, empowering, though not compelling, the state to dissolve church orders, to confiscate part of their property and to prevent them from teaching and from engaging in commerce and industry. These blows at the church were supported by Don Manuel Azana, who succeeded Zamora as President.

One can but wonder whether the pendulum which has been swinging away from the church in Spain will not eventually swing back. To be sure, it has not done so in Russia, but the Roman Catholic church seems to have a far stronger hold on the Spanish people than the Greek Catholic church ever had on the Russians.

Indicted Bishop

THE indictment of a bishop is not an ordinary event. But James Cannon, Jr.—indicted on charges of violating the corrupt practices act by failing to file his 1928 anti-Smith expenditures in full—is not an ordinary bishop. The average bishop becomes known for his work as a spiritual leader. Bishop Cannon has become known for—but let the story be told by the New York *Times*' quarterly news indexes, for example, by those covering the year from July 1, 1930, to June 30, 1931. Dates omitted, the first quarter reads:

Stock transactions inserted in Cong. Record.
Marries H. H. McCallum.
Plans
To preside at three conferences in Brazil to set up autonomous M. E. Ch.; not a member of Amer. delegation.
Refuses to discuss marriage.
4 traveling elders present indictment against him to W. N. Ainsworth, chmn of Coll. of Meth. Bishops, who must appoint com. of 12 to investigate Cannon's personal and pol. conduct; accusations kept secret.
Reptd to have sailed for N. Y. from Brazil.
Bishop H. M. Du Bose urges him to resign; W. N. Ainsworth officials receive charges. Comments by radio on accusations against him.
F. J. Prettyman, one of 4 elders who instituted charges against him, answers his objections.
Arrives at Hamilton, Bermuda; F. J. Prettyman and I. P. Martin defend legality of charges.
Arrives in New York; refuses to discuss charges against him; discusses ntl issues, especially prohibition.

And the next quarter:

J. C. L. Dowling denies statement that R. C.s as class oppose prohibition.
W. N. Ainsworth and 4 elders who brought charges against him, F. J. Prettyman, I. P. Martin, C. J. Harrell and J. T. Mastin confer.
Ainsworth will appt. investigating com.; Blackstone (Pa.) Coll. for Girls considers asking Cannon to resign as chmn of bd of trustees; he resigns.
Prepares to fight charges.
Sues W. R. Hearst for $5,000,000, charging publisher with making false statements in his newspapers.
Listed by Crusaders as aiding prohibition defeat.
Accusers, after meeting with him, press charges; investigation to begin as soon as Bishop Ainsworth appts. com. of 12.
Reptd suffering from breakdown in Wash, D. C., hosp.
Ill.
W. N. Ainsworth announces apptmt of com. to investigate charges against him.

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Meeting of com. to investigate charges postponed because of his illness.
G. H. Tinkham urges prosecution for alleged violation of corrupt practices act in Pres. Campaign of 1928.
Opposes dry support of prohibition referendum.

And the next quarter:

Ill; condition.
M. E. Ch. South hearing; Sen. presses election charges.
Hearing on charges scheduled; read for inquiry; charges heard in secret; por.; hearings; part of charges based on statements of 2nd wife, H. M.; trial with M. F. Morgan as main witness; cleared of all charges.
Accuser, Rev. Dr. C. J. Harrell, protests against clearing; Cannon ill in hosp.
Faces new inquiry by Nye Com. concerning use of Jameson fund in Pres. Campaign of 1928; promises to appear.
Attends Sen. campaign investigating com. hearings in wheel chair; S. A. Barrow testifies Cannon appropriated $8,000 check for campaign fund.
Bd of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of M. E. Ch. approves exoneration by M. E. Ch. South bd of ministers; urges end of "unscrupulous persecution."
Makes good his son's worthless checks.

And the next quarter—but why go on through the next quarter? Suffice it to say that it has Bishop Cannon challenging "power of Sen campaign funds investigating com to investigate further his activities in anti-Smith campaign in Va"; denying "implication that he seeks delay to gain protection of statute of limitations"; filing "suit against Repr G H Tinkham for $500,000 for alleged libel"; predicting "election of dry candidates in 1932," and suing "W R Hearst, Chicago Herald and Examiner and 29 other Hearst newspapers on libel charges." No, it will not be a shock to see this particular Bishop in the courtroom and the witness box.

▸▸*O'Neill's Trilogy*

O'Neill enthusiasts who have flinched at the prospect of spending three entire evenings and three admission fees to see the new trilogy, *Mourning Becomes Electra* need not flinch so much. In spite of persistent announcements to the contrary, it now appears that the forthcoming work, which opens in New York late this month, will be performed, complete, in one evening. It will begin at five o'clock with an hour's intermission for dinner. Once a threatened earthquake has been avoided, a mere thunderstorm becomes a positive pleasure. Who, having prepared to devote three evenings to O'Neill, will murmur if he has only to arrive at the theatre at tea time and remain far, far into the night?

The interesting thing, however, is that, if the new play is up to O'Neill's best standard, it probably would be a financial success even if it took three evenings. Eugene O'Neill is one man, in this day when the customer always comes first, who can play fast and loose with his audiences' patience and get away with it. He has tried them with esoteric ideas and with a whole bagful of technical innovations. Of late he has added the sternest trial of all—long-windedness. Yet they flock to see him. His last play, the nine-act *Strange Interlude*, which begins at five-thirty, after four successful years is still filling the houses on tour.

The answer is, of course, that O'Neill writes fine plays. Yet it takes courage, even for a first-rate playwright, to risk prolixity, especially when he depends on box-office receipts for his living. The artist in any field who has over much to say is more likely to make disciples than to make money. Richard Wagner was one who could tax the endurance powers of his audiences to the limit and make both disciples and money. Apparently O'Neill is another.

Remarkable Remarks

Most people realize that there has been a profound industrial depression.—H. G. Wells.

J. J. Bruehlman, Woodville, Ohio, $5 prize.

God sends these depressions to chasten us and to unite us. In adversity, strange as it may seem, we see instances of true charity and consideration of others.—Cardinal Mundelein.

Merion Roberts, 3220 Thomas St., Chicago, Ill., $2 prize.

We are growing out of this worship of material possessions.—Henry Ford.

Miss Violet Jahn, 123 S. Edith, Apt. 6, Albuquerque, New Mexico, $2 prize.

Russia has us fooled, beaten, shamed, shown up, outpointed, and all but knocked out.—George Bernard Shaw.

Henry Chas. Suter, S. Jacksonville, Fla., $2 prize.

Something ought to be done about prohibition.—Mrs. Ella A. Boole.

Dile Train, 73 Sullivan St., Forty Fort, Penna., $2 prize.

Clean out your crooked administrations, put in clean men, tell 'em to get the gangsters . . . . your gangsters are gone.—Maj. Gen. Smedley D. Butler.

Miss Elois F. Elden, 1405 Grant St., Berkeley, Calif., $2 prize.

We must keep America whole, and safe, and unspoiled.—Al Capone.

Mrs. Isabel W. Waitt, 19 Pleasant St., Reading, Mass., $2 prize.

Ours is a country which gives its people civil and religious liberty.—Vice-President Charles Curtis.

Mrs. A. Oravitz, 335 McKean Ave., Charleroi, Pa., $2 prize.

It takes money to run political campaigns.—Rt. Rev. James Cannon, Jr.

Mrs. H. Gehrke, 102 E. Stoughton St., Champaign, Ill., $2 prize.

A great many divorces are caused by the woman's unwillingness to live up to her part of the contract.—Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

Mrs. Olive M. Hagar, 5540 Pershing Ave., St. Louis, Mo., $2 prize.

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on page 288

▸▸*Follow Through*

Mid-October interest in the control of the House of Representatives, of the British House of Commons and of the German Reichstag—subjects recently discussed in these pages—centered upon the following developments:

On October 13 Thomas R. Amlie, a wet La Follette Republican, was elected to Congress by the First Wisconsin District. This gave the Republicans a majority of one in the House, which was turned into a tie four days later by the death of Representative Ackerman of New Jersey. It may be turned back either way by the five other special elections to be held in early November. Whether the Republicans or the Democrats organize Congress, however, the important point is that neither will have a majority for effective control.

On October 16 the lists were closed for candidates in the British elections of October 27, when Premier MacDonald will seek a majority in the House of Commons for his National Government—made up of Conservatives, Liberals and a few Laborites who stuck with him

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rather than with the Labor party itself. The closing gave the Conservatives 47 seats without opposition, but afforded no clue to the outcome of the regular elections. With six distinct groups in the field, with the free-traders rallied against MacDonald, with decreased doles and civil service salaries injuring his popularity, the campaign is so complicated that even observers on the spot eschew predictions.

ONE WHO MISSED
Robert P. Lamont, another of the prophets without accuracy

On October 16 a series of votes in the Reichstag gave Chancellor Bruening a new lease on life for his Moderate government. The extreme parties—Communists on the left and Fascists, or Hitlerites, on the right—attempted to force new parliamentary elections in the hope of using hard times to gain additional seats. As a result of their defeat the Reichstag has voted to adjourn until February. This means that Dr. Bruening can proceed with his program of moderation without fear of elections or parliamentary intervention.

▶▶*Remember?*

How on December 6, 1929, Robert P. Lamont, Secretary of Commerce, said: "Within the last few days 'confidence' has replaced 'fear' in the business world, and the country may look forward to the future with hope."

And on December 31, 1929, he said: "It is impossible, of course, to forecast what temporary ups and downs may occur, but the nature of the economic development of the United States is such that one may confidently predict, for a long run, a continuance of prosperity and progress."

And on February 10, 1930, he said: "There is nothing in the business situation to be disturbed about."

And on March 3, 1930, he said: "My own opinion is that during the forepart of this year American industrial enterprise has had inevitably to slow down. That slowing down seems to be passing over, and with the unusual increase of out-of-door work in the Northern states as weather conditions moderate, we are likely to find the country as a whole enjoying its wonted state of prosperity."

And on December 6, 1930, he said: "We have weathered the worst of the storm, and signs of stability and recovery are already appearing."

And on December 31, 1930, he said that "while it is impossible to forecast at what time unmistakable evidence of improvement in business will occur, it is clear that we have reached a point where cessation of further declines and beginning of recovery may reasonably be expected."

Remember?

(To be continued)

▶▶*Note on a Cracker*

PERHAPS it's the depression, perhaps it's just the dearth of good cooks. At any rate, the department of agricultural chemistry at Ohio State University has developed a new food product which should make Brillat-Savarin spin in his grave and Oscar of the Waldorf fling aside his truffle paste in despair.

It looks like a cracker, according to reports. It tastes like a cracker—a salted one of whole wheat. In fact, it is a cracker, but with a difference. According to Dr. John F. Lyman, under whose supervision it was developed, it supplies all the staple elements in the human diet, except water and possibly fresh vegetables. The idea, apparently, is that you may sit down with a pocketful of crackers, a glass of water and perhaps a bit of spinach and be assured that you are eating the equivalent of soup, roast chicken with stuffing, potatoes, green peas, salad and apple pie and coffee.

As anyone else would who likes to tuck his napkin into his collar before a thumping good dinner, we read the news about these crackers with a feeling of indignation. Then it occurred to us that probably they were not intended for human beings but rather for endurance fliers, pole sitters, long-distance swimmers, marathon dancers and other strange persons who wouldn't be eating anything good anyhow. We decided that the American people were sound at heart and that they would ignore the new cracker and go on ordering steak and potatoes. Whereupon we relaxed and started thinking about dinner.

▶▶*In Brief*

WHAT A WHOPPING international incident would have been created if M. Laval, having arrived at New York, had accidentally boarded a train for Albany instead of one for Washington . . . . It is reported that Mrs. Minnie ("Ma") Kennedy Hudson, mother of Aimee Semple McPherson Hutton, will go on the stage with her husband. One feels that she will be very happy there . . . . Administration spokesmen say that the stock market, which has been going down, is not an accurate barometer of business. Isn't it—or isn't it—strange, though, that they never say that when the stock market is going up? . . . . It must be a comfort to the Tariff Board to reflect that if it did suspend operations during the depression, as some people say it should, no one would ever know the difference . . . . The only trouble with Gerard Swope's statement that we never will get universal unemployment insurance without government action is that we're all going to feel pretty silly calling the president of the General Electric Company a Bolshevist . . . . And pretty silly telling Mr. Swope, who was born in St. Louis, Missouri, to go back to Russia where he came from . . . . We rather like the idea that this country should prevent foreign critics from passing remarks about our dollar and our financial stability in general; and if only some one will tell us how to put it into execution we'll be for it enthusiastically.

Wide World

ON THE SPOT
Prentiss B. Gilbert, our representative at Geneva

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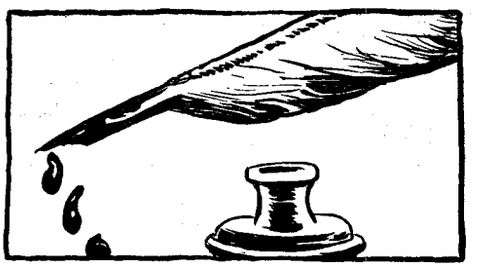
Good for Secretary Stimson!



SECRETARY of State Stimson and his chief, President Hoover, both deserve high praise for their coöperation with the League of Nations to remove the threat of war in Manchuria. Those who have denounced this intelligent action have simply made themselves absurd. What, fundamentally, was Mr. Stimson's task? It was to do his part to prevent a war in the Far East. And what were the instruments at hand for the accomplishment of this task? The best ones were the League of Nations, which taken by itself is none too strong, and the Kellogg pact, or Pact of Paris, which taken by itself is extremely feeble. The obvious thing to do, then, was to make the two weak instruments into a strong one by temporarily binding them together. And that is what Secretary Stimson did.

LET US SEE EXACTLY what our relations with the League in this affair have been. On September 22 the League Council decided to ask Japan and China to refrain from any act which might aggravate the situation in Manchuria and to send a memorandum on its decision and deliberations to the United States, which as a signer and as chief advocate of a pact for the prevention of war was naturally assumed to have an interest in preventing war. Shortly thereafter Mr. Stimson notified the League that he had received its communication and that we were "in wholehearted sympathy" with its attitude. The Council expressed appreciation of this friendly answer and added, correctly enough, that "it is by a continuance of common endeavor that a successful result is most likely to be achieved."

WHEN THE THREAT of war in the Orient continued, Mr. Stimson, on October 9, notified the League that the American Government, "acting independently through its diplomatic representatives, will endeavor to reinforce what the League does and will make clear that it has a keen interest in the matter and is not oblivious to the obligations which the disputants have assumed to their fellow-signatories in the Pact of Paris . . . . should a time arise when it would seem advisable to bring forward these obligations." This statement caused a great hullabaloo among American isolationists, who read sensational meanings into it that were not there. Declaring that he would "endeavor to reinforce what the League does," they said, Mr. Stimson pledged himself to reinforce whatever the League does. Of course he had done nothing of the kind. He had merely said that we would reinforce any League action which pleased us.

BUT IF THE ISOLATIONISTS regretted this step, they fairly roared at the next one. It was taken when Mr. Stimson authorized Prentiss Gilbert, our Consul General at Geneva, to consult with the League Council on a possible application of the Kellogg pact, if invited to do so. Eventually Mr. Stimson felt obliged to make a public denial of their far-fetched statements that the United States, by directing its representative to confer with the Council on one sharply limited aspect of the problem in Manchuria, had thereby entered the League. But, though these allegations troubled him, they did not stop him, and when, over the temporary but compromising objection of Japan, the League invited us to sit in on its deliberations, Mr. Stimson accepted, making it plain that we would take no part in discussions on application of the League Covenant but simply in those on application of the Kellogg pact. The League Council thereupon decided to ask its members, which are signatories of the pact, as well as non-members like Russia and the United States, which are also signatories, to address individual but identical notes to China and Japan reminding them of their pledge in the pact to seek the settlement of all disputes by pacific means. Several nations had followed this course and the United States, approving it, was preparing to follow it at this writing.

THAT IS THE WHOLE STORY, and it is decidedly not a story of our entrance into the League of Nations. We have committed ourselves to nothing further. We may act with the League again when another dispute arises between nations, or we may not—just as we choose. We may endorse and participate in further steps taken by the League in this present dispute—if further steps are necessary—or we may not—again, just as we choose. Senator Johnson of California is blubbering without cause when he says: "Into the League of Nations America is shoved despite our people. We have a new kind of government. The old cumbersome mode of the Constitution has been superseded by a dictatorship and an oligarchy."

THIS IS OBVIOUSLY CHILDISH, and other protestations against Secretary Stimson's action are no less so. The basic job of the State Department was to prevent a war, a war which might eventually involve many countries outside the Orient—might eventually involve the United States itself—and which, even if it did not, would have serious effects on trade and on the recovery of business. Isolationists cannot, dare not, say that that is not a worthy objective. The most they can do is to object to one part of the course which Secretary Stimson followed to reach it. And that is carping, picayune criticism of the most disheartening kind. If we cannot go even so far as this to prevent war, then in the name of common sense let us admit that we regard wars as inevitable.

IF THERE IS ANYTHING in the idea that war can be prevented by mobilizing public opinion and directing it against the prospective combatants, then the fact will soon appear. For that is what the League and the American State Department are trying to do; a great experiment is taking place before our eyes. Secretary Stimson can be assured that his critics do not represent the country as a whole. He can be assured that his primary objective—to prevent a war—has the overwhelming support of American public opinion. THE EDITORS.

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Backstage in Washington

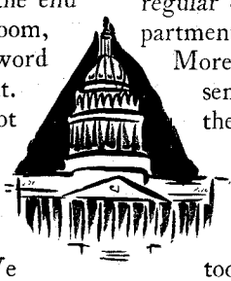
WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE HEAR that the well-meaning "Harry" Stimson has done another deep disservice to the Hoover Administration, which makes his record in that respect about 100 per cent imperfect. We do not refer to his extraordinary note to the League of Nations promising full American support in any movement to prevent war between China and Japan in Manchuria. Whereas that impetuous action was praised quite as much as it was condemned, his experiment in journalism *a deux*—or *quatre*—has provoked almost unanimous criticism among the correspondents who have heard of the *tête-a-têtes* Mr. Stimson has been holding with a select group of their associates at his magnificent estate of Woodleigh. The gentlemen of the Press, with the exception of the few invited to sit in on Mr. Stimson's lectures on the lowdown, are indignant at what they regard as a most remarkable piece of effrontery. There will be, we venture, an explosion which will rival the outbreak precipitated by the Hoover-Joslin demands that the newspaper men forego their right to collect news of the President's economic conferences, and permit him to make any announcement of the decisions reached at the White House.

MR. STIMSON, it seems, has been having confidential meetings with the heads of the press association bureaus at his home during the difficulties in the Far East. At these affairs he has given them information which he could not make public even as "background" at the regular press conferences at the State Department. Were some of the items published, we imagine it would make the United States decidedly unpopular, or more so than it is now, in various parts of the world. It would, indeed, revive the "Battalion of Death," now reduced to a "lone sentry," which prevented American adherence to the League of Nations. It would, at the same time, do credit to the Hoover-Stimson efforts to preserve peace in the Orient, and their willingness to coöperate with the hated League in that cause. In short, the Secretary of State talks as frankly at these intimate parleys as he does at Cabinet meetings. His purpose, he says, is to let the directors of the news association bureaus know just what their responsibility is in handling stories anent the crisis.

The correspondents uninvited to these Woodleigh conferences, however, take quite a different view. Nor do we believe it is soreness at being left out, as some suggest. Although we fear that many Washington correspondents are susceptible to official backslapping, White House luncheons and week-ends on the Rapidan, the writers who complain of the Stimson innovation are not of that ilk. One of them expressed his criticism of the system at a regular State Department conference. He asked Mr. Stimson if it meant that he regarded the formal meetings with the Press as "valueless," and therefore thought it wise to have closer and more confidential contact with the men in charge of disseminating the news.

The Secretary of State, not quite honestly, everybody thought, replied that he was simply inviting some newspaper "friends" to his home as private guests. Mr. Stimson, as always, flushed, stammered and stumbled around at the end of the long table in his reception room, and was visibly embarrassed that word of his *tête-a-têtes* had leaked out. His reply most assuredly did not satisfy his inquisitors.



We do not pretend to pass judgment on Mr. Stimson's method of keeping a few men acquainted with the facts. We think it a good thing, perhaps, that the correspondents responsible for influencing or inflaming public opinion here and abroad be given, if it be necessary, a sense of responsibility, although they would not be here if they had not already achieved that. It is, we have found, extremely helpful to know the "background" of such a serious situation as the crisis in Manchuria. Other Cabinet members resort to the same system whenever a responsible correspondent seeks such information, although none except Mr. Stimson and Walter S. Gifford, head of the President's Unemployment Relief Committee, has done it so formally and frankly. Mr. Gifford likewise has called in a few gentlemen of the Press to a ritzy luncheon, and has sought to persuade them that his organization, despite evidence to the contrary, is actually preparing to meet the winter's hardships in a big way.

Veteran correspondents, however, dislike and distrust the Stimson-Gifford innovation. It ranks, in their opinion, with the State Department's successful effort to "plant" an anti-Mexico story on the Associated Press in 1927—a move which the United Press and the International News Service refused to sanction. If the luncheons and attentions of political royalty affect them not, the favored few are inclined to take themselves too seriously, to look upon themselves as makers and breakers of nations, to write with a view to presenting the Administration's side. They cannot, in our opinion, continue to be impartial and factual reporters of the news. Under the spell of Mr. Stimson's solemnity—or sweetbreads—they are apt to fear that an unfortunate adverb or adjective may precipitate a war, or set the Far East ablaze. If called upon to write critically, or even to rewrite somebody else's criticism of the Stimson policies, they are apt to let their supposed confidential knowledge and their kinship with the great sway them. In any event, they have passed into a comatose condition in which they are not statesmen, journalists or—most serviceable occupation of all—reporters.

We know of no reason why Mr. Stimson cannot talk frankly to the reputable and responsible men who attend his regular conferences at the State Department.

Moreover, these mysterious assemblages at Woodleigh create the impression that Mr. Stimson is not quite honest in his ordinary dealings with the Press, and the Hoover Administration already suffers too much from that well-grounded suspicion. The philosophy underlying these confidential chit-chats is that which dominates the President's relationships with the Press. Within a month he and Theodore G. Joslin, White House secretary, have given two remarkable lectures to the Press. They requested—no less—that the correspondents abdicate and turn over to the President or his secretary the job of collecting and reporting all news affecting the Administration's anti-depression efforts.

The news writers were appealed to as "patriots" by Mr. Joslin, and as "citizens" by Mr. Hoover. Needless to say, both the President and his yes-sir man were promptly informed that this was not "the American way."

There is hardly a correspondent in the Hoover train who does not dislike the President and detest his pompous Secretary. Whenever they get the opportunity, they do what they can to increase Mr. Hoover's wardrobe of "hair-shirts."

A. F. C.

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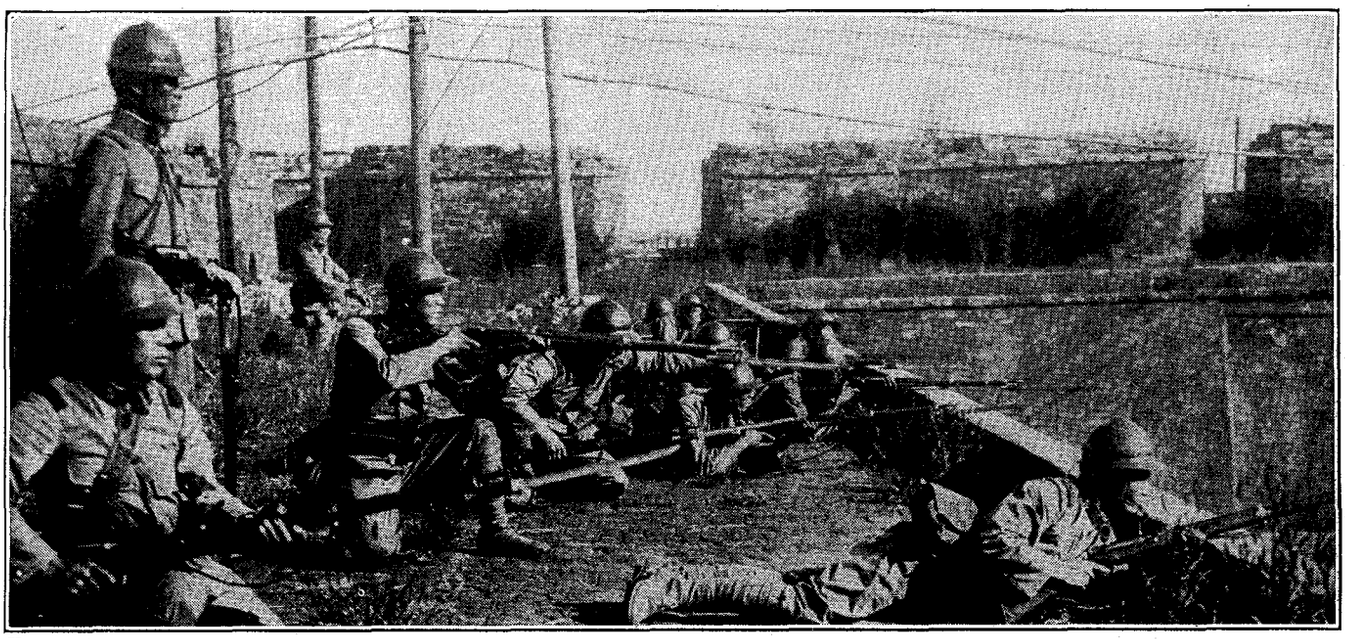

Keystone

War Brews in Manchuria

What the Japanese are Seeking

By BRIGADIER-GENERAL HENRY J. REILLY, O. R. C.

WHAT is back of the Chinese-Japanese dispute which has already cost bloodshed in Manchuria? Is it due merely to the ill will excited by the Chinese execution of a Japanese captain as a spy? Or is that execution merely symbolic of the clash of powerful forces long struggling against each other below the surface of public notice, but finally breaking out?

In other words, is it an Asiatic incident, like the Sarajevo assassination in 1914 which gave the signal for the violent emergence of the economic political and racial forces which had struggled through diplomacy and peaceful means, with occasional local revolutions and wars since the Congress of Vienna remade the map of Europe in 1815?

Of course the only sensible way to determine the answer is to dig out the facts and squarely face the issues to which they point regardless of sentiment. In other words, adopt the attitude of the surgeon making a diagnosis.

The invention of tacking, enabling a ship to sail into the wind instead of only with it, started the adventurous, combative western European on his career of first discovering, then opening up to trade and settlement, and finally both giving and forcing his ideas on the rest of the world.

In China and Japan he and his American descendants met resistance both by force and the inertia of peoples well satisfied with their own civilizations.

China, uninterested in the military art and profession and contemptuous of the barbarians, yielded when force was applied. She was, however, too busy following peaceful occupations and too sure of the inherent superiority of her own race and civilization to fear ultimate subjugation.

Japan was governed by a military class who already believed "God is on the side of the strongest battalions." They soon found that, like Sherman's famous saying, "War is hell," the quotation was incomplete. What Sherman really said was: "War is hell when you're getting licked." They found at Shimonoseki Straits and Kagoshima, when they tried conclusions under arms with the western barbarians, that experiencing the condition outlined in Sherman's quotation was a certainty unless the strongest battalions had modern arms, equipment and leadership.

However, unlike the Chinese, they were not convinced that the inherent superiority of their own race and civilization would inevitably, like the course of the sun, carry them safely and triumphantly through the universe. They believed that to have is to hold. They therefore decided to have a modern army and navy. From then on they devoted their energies to building up these armed forces to their present high level of strength and efficiency.

The diametrically opposite reactions of the Japanese and Chinese to the successful use of force by Europeans and Americans is the main reason for the Manchurian situation today and in fact for the whole dangerous situation in Eastern Asia. This for the reason that it has been the principal factor in determining the course of the commercial, political and racial struggles which, as is true in Europe, constitute the danger to peace in Asia. All the more so as the neglect of Eastern Asia, forced on the rest of the world by the Great War and the disorders, revolutions and small wars which have followed, have, plus the disarmament conferences, left Japan the only militarily powerful nation in the Far East.

After deciding upon a modern army and navy as the first requisite to national existence, the Japanese governing and military class—which, as in feudal Europe, are one and the same thing—looked over Eastern Asia to see what dangers threatened.

They saw no possible enemy to their monarchial form of government because everywhere were monarchies or the possessions of monarchies. Russia and China and China's tributary Korea all had virtually absolute monarchs. The Spanish Philippines, the Dutch East Indies, India and other British possessions all belonged to constitutional monarchies. French Indo-China belonged to a country with an emperor, Napoleon III. Far away across the Pacific lay a republic. However, it was busy trying to heal the

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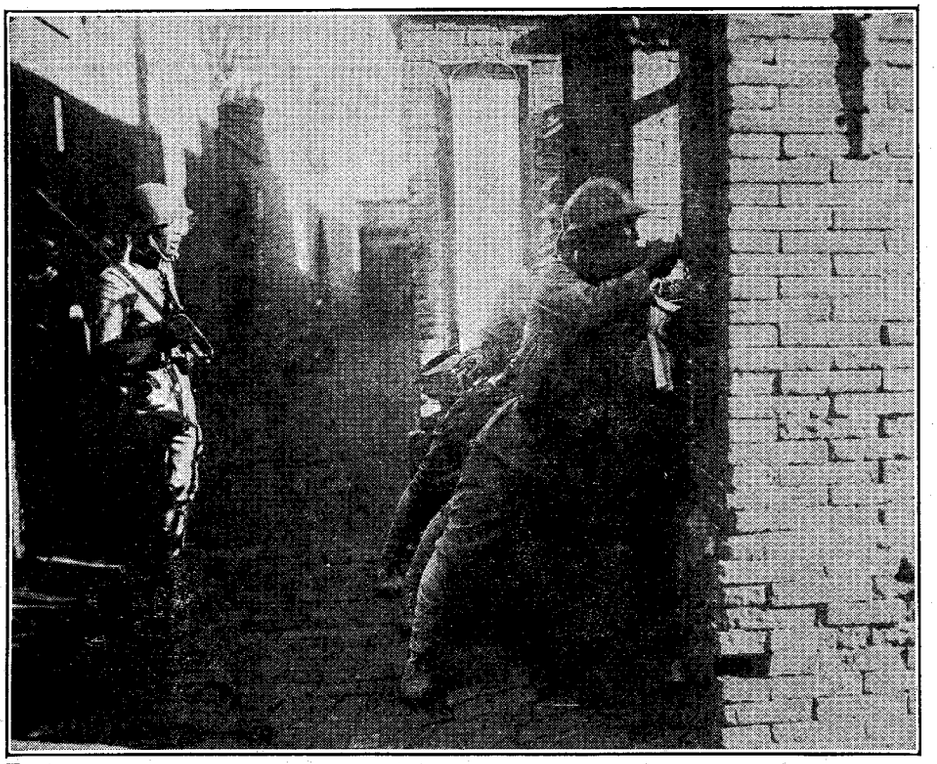


Keystone

WHERE WAR BREWS IN CHINA
Japanese soldiers in the walled military headquarters at Mukden

wounds of a civil war while at the same time rapidly getting rid of both its army and navy.

They saw, filling not only Eastern Asia but also the greater part of that Continent, two powers with such overwhelming potential military strength in men and material resources as to mean the inevitable subjugation of Japan, should they be translated into force on land and sea battlefields.

One, China, through her occupancy of Korea and the string of islands off her coast, stretching from the Philippines almost to Kyushu, the southernmost of the Japanese group proper, seemed clutching at Japan from both the west and south.

The other, Russia, through a slow but irresistible march eastward, had reached the Pacific north of Japan and then, not content, crossed to Alaska and down the coast of North America to California. The peninsulas and islands in her possession to the north of Japan seemed to point a threat from this direction. Recoiling from the American Continent, Russia began spreading south into Manchuria, reaching towards the Yellow Sea and Korea, thus adding her threat to that of China from the west.

Thus, on three sides of her, separated only by narrow straits and small seas, she saw herself threatened, if not directly at the time, at least by that slow process of integration by which history shows great and numerous nations inevitably, and perhaps even to a certain extent, unconsciously expand at the expense of their neighbors.

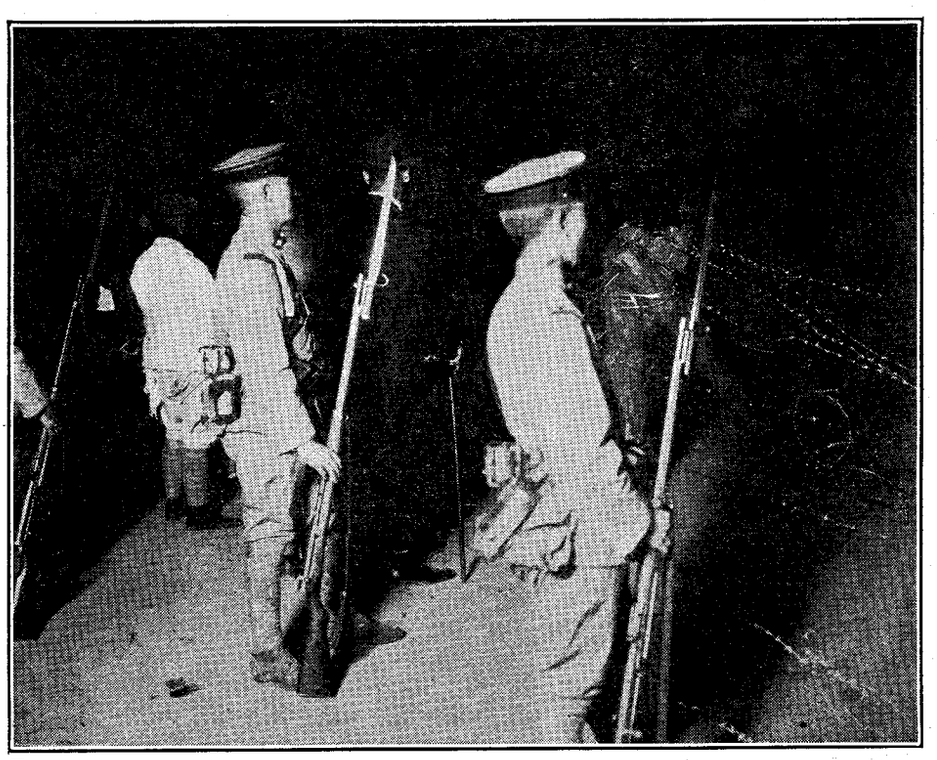
That such narrow waters as surrounded her on all but her eastern side constitute no protection against invasion was sunk deeply into the consciousness of every Japanese.

The years of terror, of frantic military preparation, of fervent prayer before the long threatened invasion of Kublai Khan, which had hung over the land like a thunder cloud, broke in a military storm of battle in Kyushu, followed by Nature's storm which wrecked the invader's fleet, has never been forgotten. Also, they have not forgotten the ease with which, under Hideyoshi, they—at first successfully—invaded and almost conquered Korea.

Aside from such invasions, involving hundreds of thousands of armed men crossing narrow seas, was the lesson she had just had of the long arm to strike given nations on the other side of the globe by the possession of sea power. The British warships in Kagoshima Harbor and the American, British, French and Dutch warships at Shimonoseki had come from countries as dimly existent to the Japanese as were China and Japan to Western Europe when Marco Polo came home to Europe with his marvelous tales.

From then until today, Japan's history is made up of three successful and logical steps which constitute a single policy, carried out by peaceful means when possible, and by war where force was necessary to insure its continuation.

The first of these steps was to insure her own independence by keeping her seaports from being seized or controlled by the Western Europeans, and from having to submit to the other interferences which increasingly robbed China of



Keystone

WATCHING FOR A CHINESE ATTACK
Japanese soldiers behind barbed wire entanglements in Mukden, on the alert against a night sortie

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the independence of action which is an attribute of a sovereign power.

The second step was to force the great powers to recognize her as a full partner in the exploitation of China.

The third step, as yet far from completed, and the fundamental cause of the present crisis, is to secure a place as a world power, with full recognition for her nationals of all the privileges which such a position gives to the nationals of the great powers of the world today.

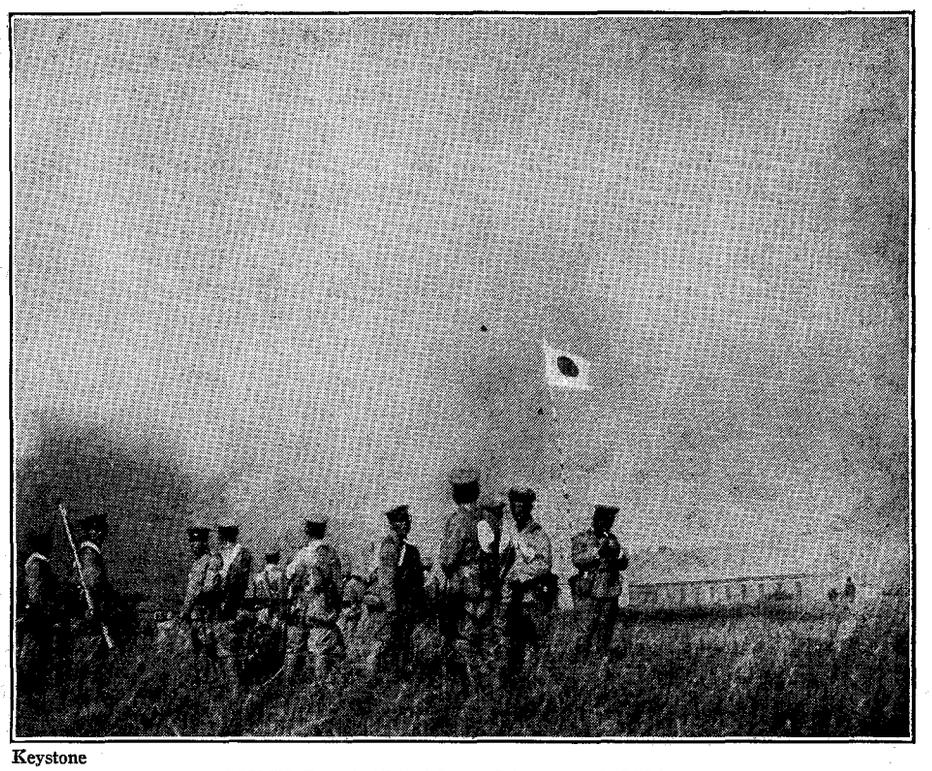
In carrying out this policy, Japan has halted and even retreated from time to time. These halts and retreats have been due not to any abandonment of the policy, but merely because judgment showed she was not strong enough at the time to go ahead.

Each such halt or retreat has merely been a breathing spell to accumulate the strength needed again to advance.

In building up their army and navy in order to insure independence, the Japanese soon discovered that such forces are absolutely dependent upon modern industry.

Being military people of the first calibre, they did not need to be told that the sources of equipping and arming an army in peace and maintaining it in war should, if possible, be within their own borders. They therefore began the development of modern industry in Japan.

The need of this industry for raw material, and more and more of markets in addition to the home ones, greatly increased the foreign trade which had grown rapidly, once the period of isolation had been ended by Commodore Perry's opening up of the country. This, of course, increased Japan's foreign contacts and international problems.



Keystone

MUKDEN BARRACKS GO UP IN SMOKE

Japanese soldiers watching the conflagration caused by bombardment and airplane attack

Japan entered upon the second period when she won the Sino-Japanese War of 1894-95. The original peace terms gave her the Liao-tung Peninsula, Formosa and the Pescadores. However, Russia, Germany, France concentrated their Asiatic fleets at Port Arthur and informed Japan that she could not have the Liao-tung Peninsula.

The Japanese were furious. Many of the leaders advocated armed resistance. However, wiser counsels prevailed, with the result that Japan made the first of her retreats in the carrying out of her policy. There can be no doubt that this combined action greatly stimulated the whole nation to preparation for, and later the prosecution of, the war with Russia of 1904-5. There can be no doubt that this action served to prepare the way for the alliance with Britain, which at that time, before the days of the Entente Cordiale, had both Russia and France as her principal opponents. In 1898, when Britain and France were on the verge of war as the result of the Fashoda incident, the Japanese expedition to attack French Indo-China was all ready.

There is also little doubt that at the outbreak of war in 1914 the memory of the humiliation resulting from this forced evacuation of the Liao-tung Peninsula had a great deal to do with stirring up popular feeling against Germany. This despite the fact that the army, because of its long period of instruction under German officers, was decidedly sympathetic with Germany.

(Continued on Page 279)

Keystone

A CLOSE VIEW OF BURNING BARRACKS

Chinese military quarters near Mukden were bombarded and destroyed

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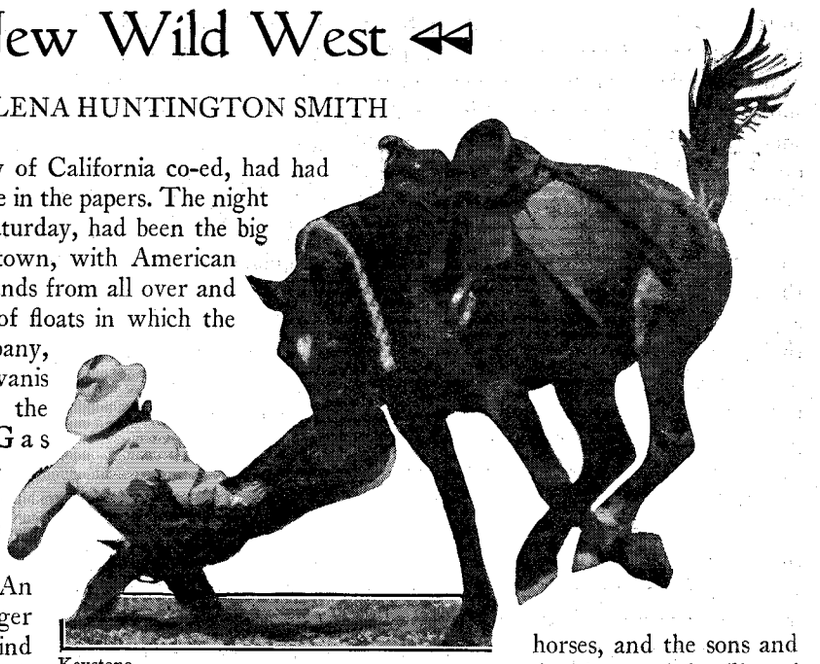
The New Wild West

By HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH



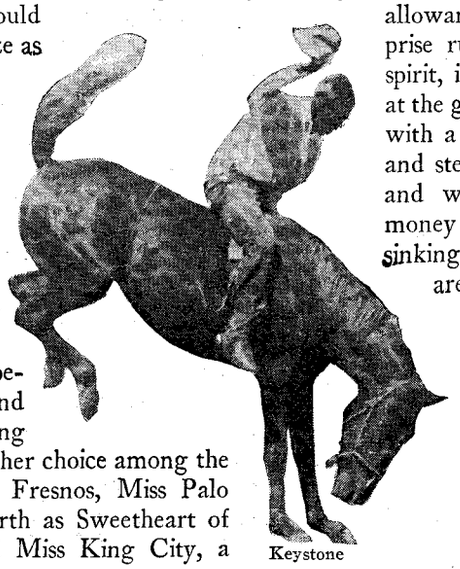
Keystone

A HARD FALL

THE town was full of cowboys, assuming that a ten-gallon hat, stitched boots and bright silk shirt make a cowboy. Cowboys with double chins, mail order cowboys, drugstore cowboys, political cowboys, Jewish cowboys, one Chinese cowboy, cowboys whose rotund forms had never been adjusted to the curves of a horse. They were strolling around the flag-hung and bunting-bedecked streets and standing on the street corners, under huge signs proclaiming "California Rodeo—Salinas."

The rodeo, held every year, is supposed to prove that a bit of the Wild West still survives in sunny California; it commemorates the good old hard-riding, straight-shooting, brick-splitting cattle industry which used to flourish, or perhaps it would be more tactful to say still flourishes, in that part of the state. Any number of dignitaries, important men locally, were entering into the spirit of the thing; for instance, William Jeffery, Salinas hotel proprietor, received the award for the best-dressed cowboy. As a girl writer in one of the papers put it: "Anybody who thinks the old West is dead, take a look at Salinas." Take a look, if you can bear it!

Also in the crowd were a few thin, tough-looking men, inconspicuous in overalls and dun-colored flannel shirts. They were the real cowboys. The only way to identify them was to look at their legs, because neither Montgomery Ward nor Stetson can supply that arc. The dignitaries, the reporters and the tourists were not showing the slightest interest in them, for they were nothing but low fellows earning sixty or seventy dollars a month on ranches, merely the living representatives of the industry whose glories the rodeo was celebrating. Hardly one of them would have taken a prize as the best-dressed cowboy.



Keystone

It was Sunday, the fifth and last day of the spectacle. Earlier in the week Governor Rolph, wearing, of course, a ten-gallon hat, had bestowed a diamond ring on Miss King City in token of her choice among the competing Miss Fresnos, Miss Palo Altos and so forth as Sweetheart of the Rodeo, and Miss King City, a University of California co-ed, had had her picture in the papers. The night before, Saturday, had been the big night in town, with American Legion bands from all over and a parade of floats in which the ice company, the Kiwanis Club and the Pacific Gas and Electric Company were represented. An even bigger night behind the scenes, it had seen tremendous parties staged all the way from Salinas to Monterey, twenty miles distant, by the dignitaries and men of wealth who had some financial or official connection with the show. But this was not the movies, and neither was it any fantastic pioneer democracy, and there were no lovely daughters of the social élite making love to the buckaroos. The buckaroos were amusing themselves in town with their own sixty-dollar-a-month kind, except the few who were going to win top money next day at riding broncs or steer wrestling, and these were drinking little and going to bed early.

We followed the long line of cars out to the track early Sunday afternoon. The rodeo, which is controlled by the California Cattlemen's Association, is the biggest in the state, and the number of spectators the last day was estimated at thirty thousand; you can make your own allowances. A non-profit enterprise run in the name of civic spirit, it takes in some $70,000 at the gate, costs about the same, with a $4,000 feed bill, horses and steers to be contracted for, and wages, and employs the money from concessions in a sinking fund the uses of which are still vague to me because the secretary was much too rushed to answer questions.

Every one who came to the grounds on horseback was admitted free, and every one rode in the opening parade, town boys and girls on scrubby horses, and the sons and daughters of families of consequence, and most of the four hundred contestants, and even the directors of the rodeo, the important men. Most of them were directors because their fathers and grandfathers had been great in the cattle business, in the days when cattle flourished all over the state, and most of them have somewhat shrunken cattle holdings still. But it is needless to say that their cattle interests are no longer their only ones, or they would not still be important men.

Among the directors were two descendants of a California family whose ancestors held their grants under the Spanish crown. If it is true that the ability to make and hold wealth or its equivalent is the bottom essential of aristocracy, then this surviving Spanish family deserves to rank higher than the Bourbons. The important men had glistening, well-fed mounts of appropriate stock horse type, and beautifully worked belts and bridles, and spotless ten-gallon hats of the best quality turned out by Stetson. They looked benevolent; their manner said: "We are willing to dress up and participate in the local merriment, because it is good for the community." After all, they were Californians, and they understood the value of advertising.

A team of radio cowboys who had been singing for the crowd made way for the bull-riding contest, an astonishing sport descended like the rest from the days when the range riders, gathered at a round-up on the empty plains, took a day off from cutting and branding to display their skill. Next came a steer-roping contest. Many of the riders were "picturesque" and "colorful" in bright red and green and yellow shirts, just like the cowboys you read about. These

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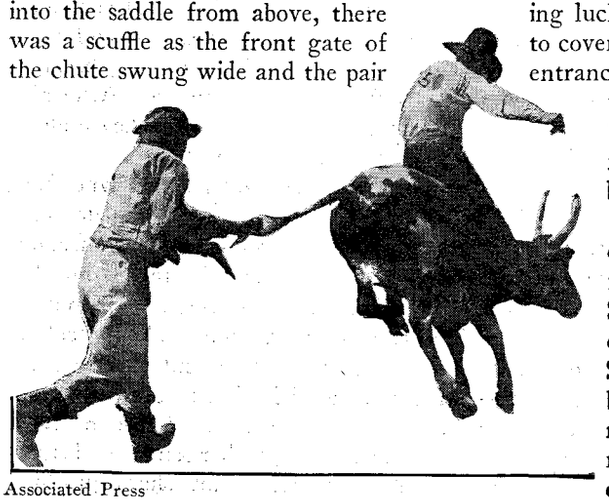
shirts, I learned later, were the gift of the committee. They were really helpful in distinguishing the contestants from the stands, but a number of the riders rather snootily declined to wear them, cutting out the numbers and pinning them on their own sombre-hued shirts.

Abe Lefton, the rodeo announcer who started his career as a circus clown, called the awards through the loud speaker to a patter of applause; he then reminded the crowd for the third or fourth time so far that the announcing system had been provided by the Standard Oil Company of California. Everybody seemed mildly surprised by my curiosity about the contestants; who they were, how much money they made, how many of them actually worked on ranches. There was considerable demur when I wanted to be taken back to the chutes, but in the end an obliging though reluctant official led me across the arena during a lull, wading through deep dust, to the side where the bronc riding entries were just then coming out.

He turned me over to a young man in a red shirt, a deputy sheriff from Los Angeles, north on his vacation, who had been pressed into service. At that moment there was a rush for the fence as Steamboat, far-famed bucking horse, came violently out of a chute with Eddie Woods on board. Eddie Woods, who, placed second or third at the end of the rodeo, hit the ground twenty feet from where we were standing. As he picked himself up another man ran out to him and said something, and a fight started; something about a saddle. My deputy sheriff, very nervous about the language and the other perils, hustled me to the rear.

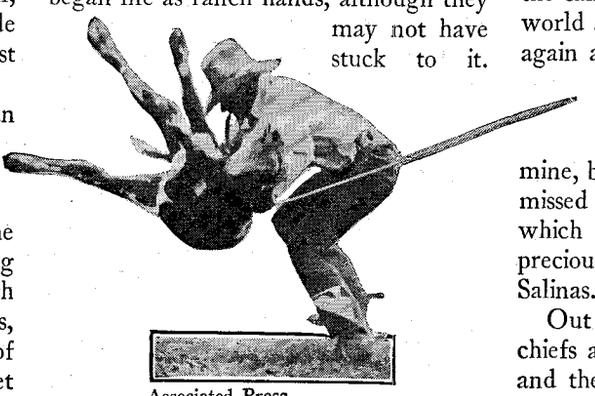
As we went behind another horse bucked out into the arena, and men were saddling a third bronc through the bars of the chute, a narrow wooden pen with eight or ten foot sides. The rider dropped into the saddle from above, there was a scuffle as the front gate of the chute swung wide and the pair plunged out, while the announcer drawled his favorite comment through the loud speaker: "Here he comes—he's burnin' oil." The man was promptly thrown against the gate and injured, though not badly. We left the chutes and walked past corrals full of horses and cattle, and back there we found Johnnie Schneider, who an hour later was champion of the rodeo, small, brown, wiry, and looking as though he could not be dented with a hammer. Although not eager to be interviewed, he was pleasant and natural about it; a nice person to talk with—evidence that intelligence counts, even when it comes to riding a bucking horse.



Associated Press

THEY DON'T RIDE 'EM LONG

He said he worked winters on a ranch near Livermore, California, which runs eight hundred or a thousand head of cattle. It is not true that rodeo riders are mere circus performers; most of them began life as ranch hands, although they may not have stuck to it.

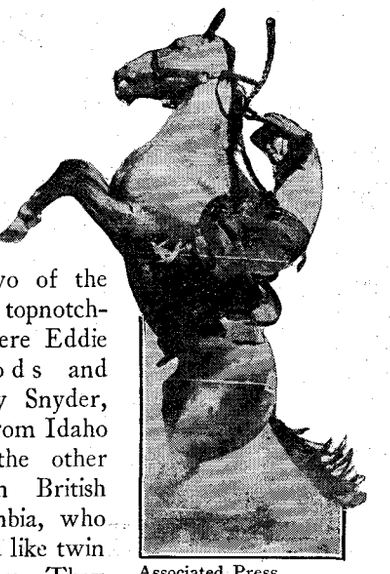


Associated Press

CALF-TYING
Care Shepard Can Do It in 11½ Seconds

Eddie Woods, for example, has retired from cowpunching and lives on his earnings in the winter. I learned that possibly ten of the riders at Salinas were professionals in the sense that an amateur tennis champion is professional, and five of these were topnotch, the rest of the three hundred and ninety-six entries being lucky if they picked up enough to cover their traveling expenses and entrance fees. Probably a hundred were jockeys, jockeyettes, "cowgirls" and others having no connection with the cattle business.

The topnotchers make ten or fifteen thousand a year by following rodeos. Johnnie Schneider earned a thousand dollars in prize money at Salinas, to say nothing of belt buckles and the like, and he makes fifteen or twenty rodeos in a season, although of course not all offer such large purses.



Associated Press

Two of the other topnotchers were Eddie Woods and Smoky Snyder, one from Idaho and the other from British Columbia, who looked like twin brothers. They too were small, hard, bowlegged and retiring. All three men were cut from the same pattern, most attractive in the world and most American. I had seen it again and again in Montana, mostly in cowpunchers of an older generation, people whose intrinsic quality was the same as yours and mine, but who had lived in the wilds and missed out on an education, a difference which made their peculiar charm. But precious little of the type was visible at Salinas.

Out in front, with the purple neckerchiefs and the Sweetheart of the Rodeo and the announcing system donated by the Standard Oil Company of California, was one side of the picture; here at the chutes was the other side, but it was the same ghastly, depressing picture, the old West—the West that produced "Oh, Bury Me Not on the Lone Pra-ree"—as it is today. Swarming over the fence and around the end of the arena were riders and chute men and arena men, with hangers-on dragged up from heaven knew what dregs. Here and there, wearing a contestant's number, was girlhood's dream, tall, narrow-waisted, blue-eyed, and apparently, I am sorry to say, all too conscious of the fact; the "moom pitcher" cowboy. But on the whole it was a pretty scabrous-looking crowd.

You can't subject any institution to the long and cruel economic squeezing which the cattle industry has had without driving the good people out of it. They are not all gone yet, but—a favorite nightmare of mine recurred, out there behind the chutes. If this squeezing of the rural areas keeps up, we are going to have some day what we have never had in our history—an American peasantry. You can watch the process unfolding if you have been acquainted with a ranch-

(Continued on Page 286)

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San Juan, by Frederick Remington—Courtesy of the Remington Art Memorial

Roosevelt: A Biography

VII—The Bully Fight at San Juan

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

Roosevelt stole a transport from the regulars to get his Rough Riders to Cuba, and his steps through the war were dogged by controversy, as told in this installment. First, the Spanish "ambushed" him; then came the debatable charge of San Juan; following that his famous "round robin" which speeded his trip home. From this time on, he was never out of the national limelight, and next week we see him in the Governor's chair at Albany

"SAN JUAN was the great day of my life," said Theodore Roosevelt two decades later.

". . . . It seems to me," Roosevelt wrote Frederick Macmonnies in 1904, discussing a statuette contemplated by the sculptor, "it would be better in uniform."

There were reasons why he should have refrained from active participation in the war with Spain. Their sixth child, Quentin, had been born in November and Mrs. Roosevelt was so ill in January that Dr. Alexander Lambert, their New York physician, was summoned to Washington. During the months when Roosevelt was calling with enthusiasm for war he was embarrassed for funds because of the added expenditures for doctors. In addition to all this one of the small boys had been sick.

Secretary of the Navy Long, aware of these domestic complications, was astonished and distressed when his assistant announced his intention of resigning. He felt that Roosevelt would merely ". . . . ride a horse and . . . . brush mosquitoes from his neck in the Florida sands." But even as Mr. Long so commented in his diary on April 25, 1898, he wondered whether Roosevelt might not be right. How absurd this would sound "if by some turn of fortune he should accomplish some great thing. . . . !" Years passed. Mr. Long turned back the pages of his journal and scribbled across the entry for April 25, 1898: "Roosevelt was right . . . . His going into the army led straight to the Presidency."

As far back as September 14, 1897, while driving with President McKinley, Roosevelt said that if war came he would go. On April 18, 1898, he admitted that his "family and friends" were unanimously opposed to his going to war and he insisted that he was not doing so "in a mere spirit of recklessness or levity." His purpose was to practise what he had preached. He had been a leading advocate of war with Spain and it was his duty to take part in it.

Roosevelt was not a coldly calculating person. Nowhere, even in the most confidential of his private letters, is there any sign that he was thinking of political preferment. In due time he accepted the fruits of glory and became governor of New York; to have done otherwise would have been the action of a hypocrite. Not shrewdness but adolescence was behind his desire to become a soldier in the Spanish War.

"I shall chafe my heart out if I am kept here instead of being at the front," he said in March, "and I don't know how to get to the front."

The prospect was dark for some months. Immediately after the *Maine* went down, Roosevelt appealed to the adjutant-general of the New York National Guard. "I have had a good deal of experience in handling men, and I can do my part well," he wrote. On March 9 he offered to raise a regiment in New York; would the governor authorize this and, if so, could he bring a young officer named Leonard Wood with him? On April 7 he was hoping that he might go as lieutenant-colonel in a regiment which he would help to raise.

"We will have a jim-dandy regiment if we go," he said.

It is not difficult to picture the family conferences, with all the banker and lawyer uncles and cousins heavily disapproving, as Theodore persisted in his mad intention of going to war. Cabot Lodge, also, was against it, in addition to Mrs. Roosevelt herself. Roosevelt was more easily influenced by these two people, perhaps, than by any others on earth. But "this was one case," he told McKinley, "where I would consult neither." He continued with his plans, only half conscious of his real motivation.

"Theodore Roosevelt, that *wilder werwegener*," wrote John Hay, "has left the Navy Department where he had the chance of his life and has joined a cowboy regiment." Grover Cleveland, who had grown rather fond of his sometime severest critic, expressed to Richard Olney disgust over the war. He sup-

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posed that Roosevelt would now "have his share of strut and swagger. . . ." Had Roosevelt known about these opinions he would have paid no heed to them. His chance to go to the war came a few days after the declaration of hostilities against Spain on April 24, 1898. On April 30 he telegraphed to Brooks Brothers in New York City for a "blue cravenette regular lieutenant-colonel's uniform without yellow on the collar and with leggings," to be ready in one week. Congress had authorized three cavalry regiments to be recruited in the southwest and in the Rocky Mountain country. Secretary of War Russell A. Alger had offered Roosevelt the command of one of these, but he had refused on the ground that it would probably be a month before he had mastered the science of war sufficiently. By that time the war might be over.

He elected to serve, instead, as lieutenant-colonel under Wood, then an army surgeon with the rank of captain, whom he had met in 1897 and who shared Roosevelt's yearnings for war. Telegrams were dispatched to the territorial governors of Arizona, New Mexico and Oklahoma asking for men who were "young, good shots and good riders." Wood and Roosevelt were overwhelmed with applications, and by May 1 a camp was being prepared at San Antonio, Texas, for preliminary training. Roosevelt submitted his resignation as Assistant Secretary of the Navy on May 6, 1898.

On May 10 he wrote Colonel Wood that, "drill or no drill," it was vital to "get our troops down with the first expedition." This letter disclosed apprehensions that the Navy might terminate the war by sinking the Spanish squadron supposed to have started across the Atlantic. As Roosevelt wrote, rumors were current that it had turned back.

"I don't want to be unpatriotic," he admitted, "but I feel like saying 'Thank Heaven' . . . . If true, this means that instead of Admiral Sampson ending the war, we will be put in to end it in Cuba."

Roosevelt at last completed his preparations at Washington. He had obtained smokeless powder for the Rough Riders, a detail upon which Wood had insisted since it would give his men added protection from the enemy. He had telegraphed for "a couple of good, stout, quiet horses for my own use. . . . not gunshy . . . . trained and bridlewise . . . . no bucking." With military foresight he had looked ahead toward the predicament in which he would find himself, due to his bad eyesight, in the event that he lost or broke his glasses. He ordered his optician to make up a dozen pairs of steel-rimmed spectacles.

These were stowed in all parts of his uniform; several were securely fastened with light thread into the lining of his campaign hat. As Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt went into action at Las Guasimas, his first skirmish, he placed two or three additional pairs in his saddlebags, further to avoid the dread possibility that he might not be able to see the enemy he had come so far to annihilate. When a bullet zipped close to his horse, in charge of an orderly under a tree, Roosevelt saw the animal plunge, and rushed over. His man assured him that the horse had not been hurt.

"I know," he answered, "but what about my specs?"

Wood was the commanding officer, but it was Roosevelt's outfit from the start, and an air of charming informality nullified the more customary military austerity. At the San Antonio railroad station, to welcome incoming recruits, was a sign proclaiming "This Way to the Roosevelt Rough Rider Camp." Often a band was present, laboring with its one tune: "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

Never, probably, had so novel a military organization been gathered together. The public attention it received was rivalled only by Commodore Dewey after his victory at Manila Bay. From the San Antonio camp came reports of such astounding warriors as "Dead Shot" Joe Simpson of New Mexico, who could "put a rifle bullet through a jack rabbit's eye at one thousand yards while riding a wild horse." Mingling among the cowboys and momentarily reformed bad men from the West were polo players and steeplechase riders from the Harvard, Yale, and Princeton clubs of New York City. They arrived wearing derby hats, and in clipped tones, foreign to San Antonio, they gave directions at the railroad station that wagonloads of smart leather trunks and hatboxes were to be transported to the camp. Within a few days, however, they were indistinguishable in their enlisted men's uniforms. They had not asked for commissions.

San Antonio was not greatly impressed by the First Volunteer Cavalry. They drilled badly; they were poorly equipped. In truth, it was a mob rather than a regiment during the first weeks. One cowboy took a solemn oath to salute no one. Another saluted every non-commissioned officer and added pleasantly: "How are you, Captain?" A third, having been criticized for crudity in executing the manual of arms, practised in secret for several days and then snapped to attention with "Pretty nifty, eh Captain?" as the officer of the day passed.

Photo by Falk

THE ROUGH RIDER

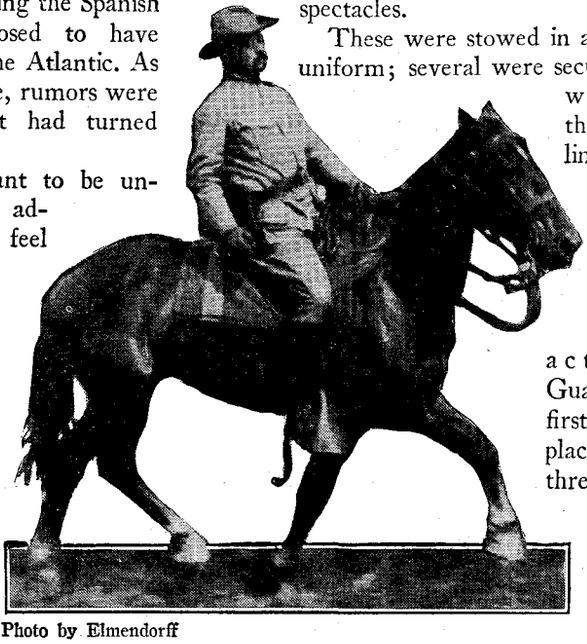

Photo by Elmendorff

READY

Photographs by courtesy of the Roosevelt Memorial Association, 28 East Twentieth Street, New York

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Roosevelt, a little sensitive over the name "Rough Riders," which the newspaper correspondents had evolved, protested that the regiment was not "to be a hippodrome affair."

Colonel Wood, having been in the regular army, had slight sympathy with the eccentricities of this aggregation. Roosevelt had too much. He wanted them to drill well, but he won the frantic adoration of his troops by his willingness to talk with them as man to man instead of as officer to recruit. He went further. It was hot in Texas, and after one mounted drill on the shimmering prairies, the troop rode back to the Fair Grounds past a resort called Riverside Park. Roosevelt turned in his saddle and gave the order to dismount.

"The men," he bellowed, "can go in and drink all the beer they want which I will pay for!"

That night Roosevelt was summoned to the headquarters of Colonel Wood and the enormity of his offense was pointed out. An officer who drank with his men was not fit for a commission, said Wood severely, although he was finding it difficult to keep from laughing. Roosevelt saluted and disappeared. He returned a few minutes later, the expression on his face showing that he had been plunged in thought.

"Sir, I consider myself the damnedest ass within ten miles of this camp," he said. "Good-night, sir."

On June 5, 1898, Richard Harding Davis, who had known better wars, was waiting at Tampa, Florida, for transportation to Cuba. He had seen "the Roosevelt push," he reported, and it was "good stuff." However:

. . . . Last night Roosevelt dined here (at the hotel) with two sergeants as his guests. That stopped me from giving him a clean bill of health. . . . It was a bad break. His Colonel—Wood—was at one table with the Commander-in-Chief, and the Lieutenant-Colonel was dining with his sergeants, and, of course, the regular army officers present didn't miss a trick. Roosevelt gave the regiment a bad name . . . . it didn't deserve. . .

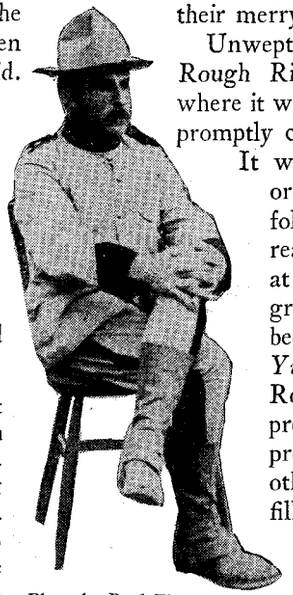

Photo by Paul Thompson

COLONEL WOOD

Two sources of irritation kept Roosevelt from complete happiness during the training period in Texas. The first was his ever-present fear that the war might be over before he got to Cuba. The second was disgust with the War Department. He had started a diary before leaving Washington and on May 21 he noted that the "blunders and delays of the ordnance bureau surpass belief . . . . there is no head, no energy, no intelligence in the War Department. The President is of course really to blame."

News that the Rough Riders would leave for Tampa on May 29 was received with mixed emotions at San Antonio, but her citizens decided to show their good-will by a farewell concert on the night of May 24. It was duly held in one of the parks and Professor Carl Beck, the local bandmaster, gave his program a military flavor by including a number listed as "Cavalry Charge (A Descriptive Fantasy)." To provide realism mere drums could not supply, Professor Beck arranged to have a small saluting cannon located on the outskirts of the crowd.

All was orderly among the members of the First Volunteer Cavalry, who had seats of honor, until the first cannon shot in the "Cavalry Charge." This was far too realistic. "Help him out, boys!" cried one of Roosevelt's bully men, and several pistols cracked into the night air. Officers barked orders in vain while ladies screamed and men and children ducked under the seats. A moment later, the electric cable was cut and in the darkness the Rough Riders vanished to continue their merry-making in town.

Unwept by the better element, the Rough Riders entrained for Tampa, where it was supposed a transport would promptly carry them to the Caribbean.

It was, however, June 7 before orders came to embark on the following morning. They reached the quay at Port Tampa at about dawn, discovered after great difficulty that they had been assigned to the U. S. S. *Yucatan*, and then Wood and Roosevelt found to their inexpressible horror that she had previously been allotted to two other regiments, which would fill her to the gunwales. It seemed as though they might yet arrive in Cuba too late, but Roosevelt was equal to the emergency:

. . . . I ran at full speed to our train; and . . . . double-quicked the . . . . regiment up to the boat, just in time to board her as she came into the quay, and then to hold her against the Second Regulars and the Seventy-first, who had arrived a little late, being a shade less ready than we in the matter of individual initiative. There was a good deal of expostulation, but we had possession. . . .

Such was the first victory of the Rough Riders. They sweltered in Tampa Bay for almost a week, having anchored in the center of a stream of sewage from the city. The heat was terrific; there was no ice, no fresh meat. The vessel sailed on June 13, and that night one of the troopers wrote in his diary:

. . . . When Colonel Roosevelt heard the news he could not restrain himself and entertained us all by giving an impromptu war dance.

On the morning of June 22 the *Yucatan* steamed in toward shore and the order came to land. Opposite lay a small hamlet called Daiquiri, where there had once been a sugar plantation or two, and behind it the hills of Cuba. A heavy surf was running; there were few boats. The landing was like everything else in this most amateurish of wars, a mad scramble. The maddest of the scrambles was that of the brigade under Brigadier-General S. B. M. Young which included the Rough Riders. Wood and Roosevelt had rejoiced at their assignment to Young's command. They had discussed the possibility with him the previous winter and he had guaranteed "to show us fighting" if war came. Still another gamecock was on board the convoy which arrived on June 22; Major-General Joseph Wheeler, whose last deeds of valor had been as an officer in the Confederate Army. His old nostrils quivered as he smelled gunpowder again. He rushed into the fighting before Santiago shouting "The Yankees are running! Dammit! I mean the Spaniards!"

Cuban scouts reported that the Spaniards had just evacuated Daiquiri for the safety of Santiago. If Wheeler's unmounted cavalry was to strike the first blow, it was necessary to pursue. Young was assigned to the job. Momentarily the name of Rough Riders was abandoned and they became, instead, Wood's Weary Walkers.

The Spaniards were supposed to have entrenched at a point called Las Guasimas, some four miles inland, and the attack would be made at dawn. Young would advance through a valley road to the right. The Rough Riders would take a hill trail farther inland. As a result of the skirmish on June 24, an argument arose which has never been settled. The regulars insisted that the Rough Riders were ambushed. The volunteers countered hotly that nothing of the sort occurred. The truth may well remain as one of the great controversies of military history, but certain facts are conceded.

The advance took place as scheduled. Wood, his mind on Young's men to his right, pushed his men so fast that even

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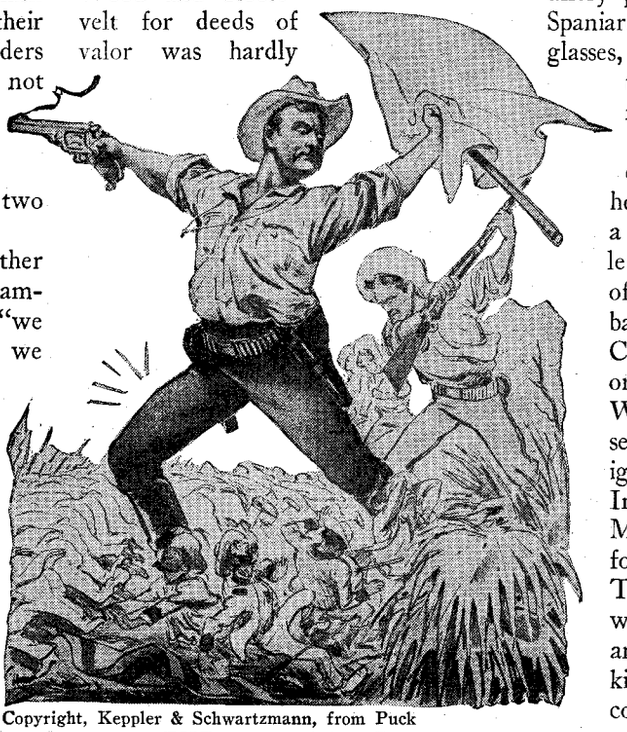
Roosevelt was inclined to protest until he realized that "otherwise we should have arrived late. . . ." After an hour's march through the sultry jungle, the order came to halt. Immediately there was a crash of rifle fire and the skirmish was on. Confused but standing their ground admirably, the Rough Riders fired back at an enemy they could not see, and in the end the Spaniards continued their flight toward Santiago. Meanwhile, Young had been fighting on the right flank; in effect, two battles were going on.

The point in dispute is solely whether the First Volunteer Cavalry was ambushed. Roosevelt claimed that "we struck the Spaniards exactly where we expected"; which was hardly complimentary to the soldierly skill of the men who died.

Sixteen men were killed in this brush and fifty were wounded. Roosevelt admitted that the Spanish loss was not so heavy as the American; obviously the little skirmish had not the slightest military significance. However, as Roosevelt boasted, "we wanted the first whack at the Spaniards and we got it." His elation was overwhelming. An officer of the regular army was present when Roosevelt, who somehow became spokesman, went with Wood to make his report to General Wheeler. He carried for years the impression that "from a military standpoint . . . . [it] was most remarkable:

> . . . . The Colonel [Wood] sat quietly by while the Lieutenant-Colonel [Roosevelt] talked vociferously. He seemed elated over what he said were very heavy losses. . . . The most startling part of the report was that highly recommending Mr. Richard Harding Davis to favorable consideration . . . . he had gone onto the firing line and taken command of the men just like an officer. . . . It was my first introduction to him [Roosevelt] and I received rather a weird impression of his military ideas and capacity. . . .

The objective of the Cuban campaign was to drive the Spaniards off the island. It might be done by a naval bombardment of Santiago which would force Cervera into action, by the slow process of starvation, or by military operations. The convention of history is that the army and navy were engaged in bitter rivalry for the honor of taking the offensive and that, in the end, both branches of the service performed untold feats of heroism. Unhappily, the evidence shows that the desire for action was less keen. The navy did not want to scratch its pretty ships. The army, under Major-General W. R. Shafter, felt that the navy should somehow save the day after the advance before Santiago had been blocked. The impatience of Young, Wood and Roosevelt for deeds of valor was hardly shared by the High Command nor was it echoed in Washington.



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THE ROUGH RIDERS

They are rough on the Spaniards, whether they ride or walk

Roosevelt did not have a high opinion of his Commander-in-Chief. He told Lodge, following Las Guasimas, that Shafter had not yet come ashore from his transport. After San Juan, he said that he was "too unwieldy to get to the front," an accusation not without truth since Shafter weighed three hundred pounds, was given to gout, and was ill from the heat.

The commissary department, like nearly all the other departments of the army, had collapsed under the unaccustomed strain of war. For days after June 24 there was little or no food. Roosevelt thereupon organized foraging parties which went back to the coast and obtained food by paying for it with funds he supplied.

Las Guasimas had merely whetted Roosevelt's appetite. Due to the illness of Young, and the consequent elevation of Colonel Wood to brigade commander, Roosevelt became colonel of the First Volunteer Cavalry. On June 30, he wrote, the "men were greatly overjoyed" because orders had come for the advance on Santiago. Throughout that day they tramped through the jungle toward the Spanish stronghold. That night they slept on their arms. Against the sky, as they waited for morning, could be seen the reflected glow of the city's lights. Richard Harding Davis, who had been at the scene for several days, wondered why there had been no artillery preparation for the attack. The Spaniards, easily visible through field glasses, were permitted to dig their trenches undisturbed a scant half-mile away.

The morning of July 1 the day of Roosevelt's "crowded hour" dawned. To the right was a village called El Caney. To the left was San Juan hill. The strategy of the American command was based upon the theory that El Caney would be captured in short order by a brigade of regulars, with Wood acting as support and reserve. The Spaniards, however, ignored the fact that "The New Imperialism" and "America's Manifest Destiny" spurred on the forces which stormed their heights. The expected capture of El Caney was delayed by stubborn resistance, and "under orders of the vaguest kind" Wood and Roosevelt were commanded to advance. They went into the valley and lay under sickening fire from the fortifications above. It was an extremely bad spot, directly in front of the Spanish batteries, and with retreat blocked by masses of troops congesting the road. The culminating blunder was the raising of an observation balloon which revealed the location of the American forces.

Whether, during the charge that followed, Roosevelt and his men stormed San Juan hill, became another subject of heated controversy. Unlike the matter of Las Guasimas, where an ambush did or did not occur, it is a matter of small importance. Roosevelt referred loosely to the "San Juan charge" on many occasions, but in all his accounts of the fight he stated clearly that the hill he had stormed had been the one to the right of the San Juan forts. It was christened Kettle Hill immediately after the battle because some sugar kettles were found there. The Spaniards had entrenchments on Kettle Hill.

That Roosevelt was both brave and reckless is beyond question. "The percentage of loss of our regiment," he wrote, "was about seven times . . . . that of the other five volunteer regiments." To those who watched the engagement it seemed remarkable that any of the men survived. To Davis it appeared as though "someone had made an awful

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The Spotlight on Sports

Harvard Paladin

HARVARD and Yale have extraordinary football captains this fall. Each plays quarterback. Each is rich in personal magnetism, can galvanize a sluggish team to spirited action. Each is an all around athlete. Each is the blazing star of his eleven.

W. Barry Wood, Jr., Crimson leader, comes from a distinguished Boston family, and attended Milton Academy. He is a tennis player of such promise that the Davis Cup committee asked him to concentrate on the racket game, but Barry politely refused. He will save tennis until he graduates. At Harvard he occupies himself playing quarterback on the eleven, cover-point (the old nomenclature) in hockey, and first base on the ball nine. The latter assignment conflicts with his tennis. He can beat anybody on the Harvard tennis team, but feels it his duty to stick to team games while at Cambridge.

If you were at West Point last Saturday—and judging by the Bear Mountain Bridge traffic jam you must have gone to Mitchel Stadium by car—you don't have to be told that Wood could make the track team as a sprinter if baseball didn't obtrude. I have never seen anybody run faster than did Wood when he spotted Paul Johnson of Army a fifteen-yard start and overhauled the West Pointer.

Johnson had been shaken loose for what looked like a certain Army touchdown when Barry Wood leaped on his neck like a cougar throttling a mountain goat. That spectacular tackle saved a game which Wood's thread-needle forward passes and nimble wit had already won for Harvard.

Wood's quick thinking accounted for the decisive extra point and gave Harvard a 14 to 13 decision over the Cadets. Standing back in kick position to boot the point after touchdown, Wood fumbled an atrociously low pass from center. The Army tacklers rushed him from all sides. Realizing that he didn't have time to drop-kick, Wood improvised a daring play. He snatched the ball up and raced around Army's right flank, crossing the goal line in the far corner. The rules allow such a maneuver for the extra point. That impromptu bit of strategy meant victory, for Army converted only one of its two touchdowns.

Wood has the priceless gift of poise. He throws his passes deliberately, a supercilious sneer twisting his patrician mouth. His ironic smile, his *savoir faire*, his bland insouciance—combine to make him a born goat-getter. He has that dash of arrogance which becomes the great competitor.

Wood is a Phi Beta Kappa scholar, only one B marring a solid sweep of A's in his academic record. Here truly is a modern Paladin!

Yale Ghost

YALE's Albie Booth is almost equally versatile in athletics, but not as many-sided. Albie isn't much of a scholar, though he gets by, nor would he win any votes in a contest for the handsomest man in his class.

Booth is a snappy shortstop on the baseball nine and a crack basketball forward. Born with a chip on each of his little shoulders, Booth was the boss on the football field even before he earned the captaincy as a senior. He once scolded "Firpo" Greene, then captain, right out in public for missing an assignment.

Booth and Wood are both invaluable to their respective elevens, though in a different way. Albie's forte is elusiveness. He ghosted through the whole Georgia team on a run from kick-off as though he were wearing the magic cloak that conferred invisibility. Oddly enough, Booth isn't particularly fast. He is often cut down from behind. Georgia nailed him that way.

Paradoxical though it sounds, Booth is most dangerous when cornered by a bevy of tacklers. He squirms past a tight-knit defense like a drop of water through a sieve. Albie isn't as apt to dodge one lone safety man. He works best in close quarters.

Booth is a far better punter than Wood, though less reliable at drop kicking. The Yale midget cannot throw passes as accurately as does Wood. Albie isn't tall enough to spot uncovered receivers.

Scouts

THE week's funniest football story concerns the two scouts from Texas University who registered under assumed names at the Hotel Brunswick in Boston. The Harvard Intelligence Bureau got a chuckle out of that one.

Down where oil gushers blacken the landscape and steers roam the mesquite-carpeted plains, they take their football in deadly earnest. Jimmy Knox, chief of the Harvard scouting department, is thinking of buying some smoked glasses and a set of false whiskers in preparation for his next trip to New Haven. Says he must get the true Texas spirit in such matters.

Knox spends more time at the Yale Bowl than at Soldiers Field. A Press box attendant at the Bowl once asked a friend: "Who is that loyal Yale man who never misses a game?" He referred to James Knox, Harvard '97. No wonder they call football "a twin brother to war."

Texas may have starkly primitive ideas on scouting, but at most colleges rival scouts are given choice seats to the home games played by their football "enemies."

The N. Y. U. scout actually travels with the Georgia team on its various trips. What he doesn't know about Georgia strategy doesn't matter, but all the information in a scout's handbook won't stop an off tackle play if the blocking is good. As Bob Zuppke, the Illinois humorist, says—"You're welcome to my formations, but I won't tell you my plays."

Pet Players

THE week's saddest football story concerns Captain McEwan, who used to play center for West Point and who now coaches at Holy Cross. When McEwan resigned as Oregon coach last year he brought with him to Worcester a giant tackle from the Pacific Northwest. This Oregon husky weighs 215 pounds and stands 6 feet 3 inches. He would have been a pillar of strength in the Holy Cross line if he hadn't been inconsiderate enough to fall downstairs and break his arm!

GEORGE TREVOR.

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War Brews in Manchuria

(Continued from Page 271)

The alliance with Great Britain helped Japan materially in carrying out her policy, because it immediately made her a factor in European affairs. Every time the statesmen in the principal European capitals considered a policy, they had from then on to figure on the weight, for or against, Japan might bring because of this alliance.

The successful war of 1904-5 with Russia closed the second period for Japan. This because the practical result of the war was to force Russia to recognize that hereafter Russia could not exploit Northern China alone, but must always consider Japan as having at least equal rights.

With this acknowledgment from Russia, and with Britain as an ally, there was nothing for the remaining European powers to do but recognize Japan as one of the partners in what hitherto had been the European concert of powers.

This country soon found this fact out. In struggling to maintain the unity of China and the "Open Door," the opposition before had been primarily European. To it was now added that of Japan. This despite an attitude so pro-Japanese during the Russo-Japanese War that it verged on violation of—if it did not violate—neutrality.

THE third period began in 1914, when Japan entered the Great War on the side of the Allies. While her actual war participation was slight, she played a prominent part in the settlement at Versailles, became a partner in one of the famous secret treaties.

The war with China had given her the chain of islands from Kyushu to the Philippines. The war with Russia had given her one-half of Saghalien. The Great War, under the mandate system, with the exception of our own Islands of Guam, Wake and Midway, gave her virtually all the Pacific islands north of the equator, stretching from within 500 miles of the Philippines to within 1,700 miles of Hawaii—in other words 400 miles closer to Hawaii than Hawaii is to San Francisco.

From the earliest warfare at sea, islands have been important as naval bases. The invention of submarine cables still further enhanced the value of islands, because used as part-way stations. The invention of submarines and of aviation has still further increased their value.

At the Washington Conference, we agreed not to complete the fortification of

(Continued on Page 280)

The Week in Business

The Line Holds

OLD DR. CONFIDENCE, continuing his tonic treatment, gave business another week of encouraging convalescence. The patient was cheered also by progress in the formation of the National Credit Corporation and by another increase in the rediscount rate of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. At three and one-half per cent the rate now stands at a level it has not touched since March, 1930.

Under the plan adopted by its directors on October 17 the National Credit Corporation will divide each Federal Reserve district into local loan association territories. The local organizations will be incorporated as voluntary associations without capital, and banks will apply for loans through the officers of these local associations. New York City banks have formally pledged their quota of $150,000,000 and reports from other cities indicate that the total fund may reach $1,000,000,000.

The investment market was irregular but the trend, on the whole, was favorable. Bonds, with the exception of the government issues, advanced. Investors appear to have decided that the time has come to sell their government holdings and get their funds back into railroad and industrial securities.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

COMMODITY PRICES (Fisher's Index—1926=100) October 15—68.2. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) October 15—65.4.

CAR LOADINGS (American Railway Assn.) Week ended October 3—777,837 cars (increase of 39,808 over preceding week; reduction of 143,418 under same week of 1930).

STEEL INGOT PRODUCTION Week ended October 10—29% of capacity (reduction of ½ of 1% under preceding week and of 26% under same week of 1930).

CRUDE OIL PRODUCTION Week ended October 10—daily average gross 2,162,700 barrels (increase of 15,250 over preceding week; reduction of 204,100 under same week of 1930).

BANK CLEARINGS (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended October 15—$6,578,477,000 (reduction of 25.8% under preceding week and of 30.9% under same week of 1930).

FAILURES (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended October 15—532 (increase of 14 over preceding week and of 72 over same week of 1930).

Of the general business indices, car loadings show the most improvement. Loadings of revenue freight for the week ended October 3 totaled 777,837 cars, an increase of 39,808 over the preceding week and the highest weekly total reached during 1931.

Bethlehem-Youngstown Curtain

WITH the announcement by president Eugene G. Grace that Bethlehem Steel has finally decided to cancel the contract for the $970,000,000 Bethlehem-Youngstown merger, one of the most sensational episodes in business history appears to have reached its final chapter.

It was a great fight while it lasted. Of the Spanish-American affair of 1898 T. R. remarked that "there wasn't war enough to go around." That certainly did not apply to the Bethlehem-Youngstown fracas. There was plenty of war for everybody, and the casualty list was large.

Under the terms of the contract, Bethlehem was to absorb the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company by an exchange of one and one-third shares of Bethlehem for each share of Youngstown stock. When the contract was approved by directors of the two companies in March, 1930, Bethlehem stock was selling at 102 and Youngstown at 140. As these paragraphs are written, Bethlehem is at 28 and Youngstown at about 22. During the past three months both companies have been operating at a little over 30 per cent of capacity.

A few hours ago we exchanged greetings with a man who has had, in his time, something to do with the steel business. Mr. Schwab was, as usual, in a hurry, but his face was wreathed in smiles. Was it because he had just been in conference with M. Citroën, the French motor manufacturer? Or was it because the battle of Youngstown was over? Our money (the whole $1.75) goes on the latter possibility. FRANK A. FALL.

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The Latest Plays

"THE FATHER," by the eminent Swedish madman, August Strindberg, is something I have wanted to see performed for a long time. True, I admit I did not get much of a thrill out of reading it and felt that its construction was unnecessarily obviously mechanical and its motivation extremely sketchy.

Well, I'm sorry to have to admit that Mr. Robert Loraine's performance of the title rôle does nothing to change my opinion of either the play or of his acting ability. Last year, in *Canaries Sometimes Sing*, he gave the impression that it was beneath his dignity to learn Frederick Lonsdale's lines. He has learned Strindberg's all right, but never seems to get anything except blare and rant into his reading of them. You all know the story, don't you? The only way a woman can gain ascendancy over her husband is to drive him insane by filling him with doubts as to the paternity of his child.

In the comparatively well-written part of the wife, Miss Dorothy Dix, who must not be confused with Miss Dorothy Dix of Advice to the Lovelorn repute, gives a restrained and believable performance and gets ten times the effect that Mr. Loraine does out of his yelling. Mr. Lee Shubert cannot be censured for skimping on the price of scenery; Robert Loraine chews up a set every performance.

Lean Harvest at least departs from the Channing Pollock formula sufficiently to intimate that there is no inherent nobility in poverty. Having made the preceding reservation, I will go on to state that *Lean Harvest* has a lot of virtues to offset it. The ambitious young Englishman who breaks his engagement and leaves home because he can't stand the prospect of always having to accept the second or third best and make believe he likes it is an accurately drawn character. Leslie Banks plays him with a great deal of understanding and dry wit. Of course he makes more money than is good for him and doesn't pay enough attention to his wife, even though she went into the marriage with her eyes wide open to the sort of arrangement it would necessarily be. Miss Vera Allen acts just the kind of woman that kind of man would want to marry and the scenes of ill-timed groping to understand each other and introduce a little tenderness into their relationship are beautifully done by her and Mr. Banks. On a par with their performances is that of Mr. Nigel Bruce as the charmingly St. Bernardish suitor with more than a touch of humor with whom the wife eventually elopes. Mr. Ronald Jeans, the author, and the actors have managed a rare thing in putting very wealthy people on the stage convincingly.

There is nothing in *A Church Mouse* to get very excited about, unless the fact that a play is by a Hungarian excites you *per se*, but if you want to see the Cinderella story performed again, go ahead and see how Ruth Gordon does it. She gives a good performance which seems better than it really is in contrast to the ineptitude of the others in the cast.

The other non-musical shows of the week include *The Enemy Within*, already closed; *Two Seconds*, a stupid modern paraphrase of *The Father*, in which Edward Pawley tears up twenty-one scenes with even less effect than Mr. Loraine gains with one; and *The Pillars of Society*, by a fellow called Ibsen, which only makes it necessary for me to repeat my advice of last week to see Lawrence Langner's New York Repertory Company in *The Streets of New York*.

The Cat and the Fiddle, the Jerome Kern-Otto Harbach operetta of which so much had been heard in advance, turns out to be distinguished only by Mr. Kern's score and the clowning of Miss Doris Carson. You get a lot of scenery for your money, too. The kind of cast which the Messrs. Shubert got for *Everybody's Welcome*, the musical that has been made from *Up Pops the Devil*, had —according to the original authors—to cut the trunk-packing scene because they couldn't get any laughs on it! Anyway Frances Williams is in it and she's a blonde who hasn't had to abandon the platinum standard.

OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

War Brews in Manchuria

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the Philippines or of Guam, and not to fortify the Aleutian Islands. Thus, Japan took the latest of her successive steps which have pushed farther and farther away from her shores any island which a foreign power might use as a base of operations against her.

In her 1896 war with China she destroyed in battle most of the Chinese modern fleet. It has never been rebuilt. In the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-5 she destroyed in battle the greater part of the Russian Fleet. In the Great War the Bolsheviki took over the remnants, which are hardly a threat in the Baltic and Black Seas, and no threat at all in the Far East. With the disappearance of the German armed fleet in the Great War she ceased to be a naval power in the Far East. During the Great War France threw her full energies into the maintenance of the largest army, in proportion to population, put in the field by any nation on both sides. In consequence, she came out of the war no longer a naval power. Thus her Asiatic fleet has ceased to be a factor in the Orient.

Thus only the American and British fleets were left as factors in the Far East.

AT THE Washington Conference, 1921-22, we gave away our world supremacy in ships. Afterwards by failing to build up to our allowance we sank below Britain and therefore closer to Japan. At London we made still further sacrifices, thus sinking still closer to Japan in combat strength. Our failure to build since has resulted in Japan's fleet being approximately equal if not superior to our own when her numerous islands throughout the Pacific, all potential naval bases, are considered.

In other words through war and naval conferences she has successfully closed her western or Pacific Ocean door against possible naval attack.

On the land side her position is still far from what she desires.

In fact it is less secure than was true immediately after her successful war with Russia. Then China and Russia, being both monarchies, contained no threat to Japan's monarchial form of government. Furthermore, the Chinese monarchy was so inefficient that China, despite her overwhelming potential strength, constituted no threat to Japan.

The Chinese Revolution of 1911, which overthrew the Manchu monarchy and attempted the establishment of a republic, brought into existence two threats. One—the germ of democracy planted by

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this country in the Philippines had now spread over the greater part of eastern Asia and stood at the very door of Japan to encourage her small but growing group of liberals. Two—the foreign educated Chinese who had seized control were determined not only to have a democratic republic like the United States or a democratic confederation like Switzerland but also to have an efficient modern one in every respect.

A modern and efficient Chinese army and navy inevitably would mean Japan would at least sink to a second-class power as did Holland after Britain, through her development of naval power, beat her on the seas.

Six years later, in 1917, a new threat was added when Russia, from the monarchial right, hardly paused in the democratic center before rushing into the extreme left of Bolshevism.

Along with these changes came another difficulty, that of securing the steadily and greatly increasing amount of raw material needed by her growing industry not only for peace but above all in war. Most of this deficiency could be supplied by exploiting the ore and mineral fields in Manchuria, Mongolia and the Upper Yangtze Kiang Valley.

The famous 21 demands, had they been fully executed, would have quite fully met Japan's needs in so far as China was concerned, including a probable opportunity to restore the Manchu monarchy.

With the United States so weakened at sea by disarmament imposed by treaty and her own neglect as to be impotent; with Britain aside from her many internal difficulties compelled by the Franco-Italian dispute to keep her fleet in European waters; with France and Italy indifferent; with Germany disarmed; with Russia afraid to attack in the Far East for fear the turning of her back on Europe might be an irresistible temptation to the Baltic and Central European States—the present is the logical time for Japan to take the next step forward in her policy, by reasonably peaceful means if possible, by war if necessary.

The New Movies

Susan Lenox

THIS review you will have to take with a bucket of salt if you are given to whooping when Greta Garbo gets to town. The lady leaves me colder than the prognostication of an economist. I'll concede that she is a good actress, but the glamour of her charm, if charm is the word, is something that does not fetch me, and so I am hardly fitted to do her picture the traditional justice. This review should have a lead welcoming the return of the "incomparable" Garbo, the "wonder" girl of the screen. It should be written with blood pressure at the bursting point, and emotions racked by submerged desires. I know the formula, but I can't get into it. It is getting so that when I go into a theatre to see her play I have the unwilling attitude of—"Go on, baby, make me creep. I dare you." This is by way of explanation, rather than argument.

"Susan Lenox (Her Fall and Rise)" tells of how the Garbo fled from a cruel uncle, who wanted her to marry a tough nut, into the arms of an engineer. The pressure of life hurried her right along from gent to gent—a circus owner, a chap named Max, a lad with a penthouse, and finally into the routine duties of a Central American cabaret. In the meantime her engineer has gone all to pieces and winds up, whiskey blown and embittered, in the joint. But love and Garbo soothes and cleanses and their two hearts go pat-pat together at the end.

All this trolloping around from gutter to penthouse to gutter again is probably all very daring, and gives the illustrious lady a chance to cut her didoes, but I found it quite dull. However, if you like Garbo you'll take what she comes in, and like it, I suppose, even if it is "Susan Lenox." Clark Gable gives a stilted performance, and the dialogue is trite.

Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

The elfin Jimmie Durante, whose prowlings around the floors of nightclubs and assorted stages has endeared him to the hearts of most of the metropolis, steals this one away from Master William Haines and Ernest Torrence. He bursts upon the scene at an auspicious moment as most of the funny fellows have fallen into routine performances and are resting wearily on their gags. The others have been "geniused" out of business and are too busy wallowing in adulation to get back to tricks. The gay abandon of Durante shows him to be the true clown; robust, impish, carefree. There is no pathos, no smile-through-the-tears, in his makeup. You'll like him. If you don't, you ought to.

For added measure the picture is good. The old tales are well adapted and young Haines has forsaken his obnoxious line of mimicry, and turns agreeable.

And —

The Rockne legend continues to be smeared with mawkishness in "The Spirit of Notre Dame," the usual groove for football pictures is followed, but it turns out, despite that, to be goodish entertainment. The football photography is very bad.—Why doesn't some producer revive the Siwash stories and kid the old college try of his fellow moviemakers? I forget who wrote them—Clyde Fitch, perhaps—but somebody would remember.—Ann Harding is so-so in a so-so picture called "Devotion."—"The Road To Reno" is very bad indeed, with a tiny job, well done, by Wynne Gibson. But don't let that take you to it.

The Phantom of Paris

For all its age this old Gaston Leroux mystery story, with John Gilbert as the circus magician who is sent to prison falsely accused of murder, is rather entertaining. The thing has a flavor and a color which belong to melodramas of the time, and Mr. Gilbert and Leila Hyams are engaging, if not brilliant. *The Phantom of Paris* is nice, harmless stuff.

OLIVER CLAXTON.

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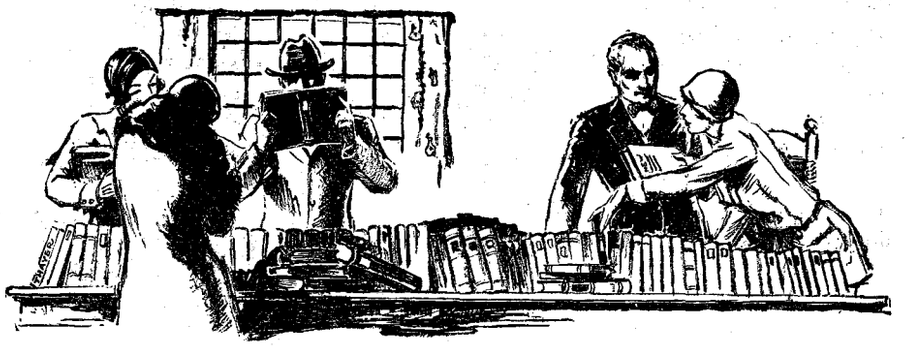
The New Books



The New Poetry

MORE new poetry seems to be appearing this season than in any season for a number of years, and the shelves are stacked with the work of both new and old poets. Some of it is bad—quite a bit of it—but there is more good poetry appearing today than readers are accustomed to expect. Perhaps we are having a poetic renaissance, and if so its characteristic manner will not be free verse or imagism, but lyrics in strict forms, and longer works of distinctly philosophical flavor. We are getting away from stunts in printing and in ideas, and down to concepts rather than images. A religious strain is back again in much of the poetry—even in the work of people who formerly disowned any interest in religion. Rhyme is back, and so is blank verse in some remarkably free and beautiful rhythms, conforming to definite beats of phrase as often as to beats of the accents of words. There are a good many lyrics and sonnets, but much of the work is long, complex and metaphysical, much is heavy and studied, very little merely descriptive. The influence of two men reverberates through much of the poetry published so far this fall; these men, interestingly enough, are Albert Einstein and Conrad Aiken. Metaphysics, a complex pattern or method, and formal design seem to be in the minds of all the poets, both old and new; and the result is a body of work unusually high in thought-content. One feels like adding to that sentence the exclamation "Thank God!" after all the vapid verse we have had to put up with in recent years under the name of poetry.

Rarest among the new volumes is the work of people who might be called natural poets—who write in a clear, simple and moving style that seems as easy as breathing. George Dillon has a new book out—his second—called *The Flowering Stone* (Viking Press, $1.75), that is of this rare sort, refreshing and lovely, full of poignant beauty, entirely unstudied in expression. This book gives, in the form of lyrics and sonnets, a youthful view of the world—of life and love and death. Whatever struggle the writer may have gone through to produce his effect, the reader has no way of knowing, for George Dillon is too good an artist to let the struggle be apparent. His lyrics seem to flow inevitably from the fulness of a poetic spirit, and they have that evanescent and shining quality almost never found except in the work of youth. Mr. Dillon's first book, *Boy in the Wind*, was received with a great deal of praise; *The Flowering Stone* will receive much more, and deserves it.

IN GREAT contrast to the poetry of George Dillon is that of Edwin Arlington Robinson, whose *Matthias at the Door* (Macmillan, $1.75) has just been published. This long, abstruse and darkly imaginative tale has more real poetry in it than could be found in *The Glory of the Nightingales*, but it is not the sharp and vital poetry that appeared in *Tristram*. In dour and heavy-going lines it relates episodes in the life of Matthias, once a contented and successful man, who discovers that his wife Natalie, whom he adores, had originally been engaged to marry another man, his own friend Timberlake. She had given up Timberlake and married him out of gratitude when he had saved Timberlake's life. Matthias, maddened by the discovery that his love had been so unfairly placed, forces his attentions brutally upon Natalie, and she is horrified and frightened at the change in his attitude, and goes out and kills herself in a rocky gorge near the house, a place where, not long before this time, a friend named Garth had also killed himself. The tragedy reduces Matthias to a despondent loneliness, and he drags out his useless life until one time Timberlake turns up, ill and in fact dying. Matthias welcomes his companionship, and when he dies, like the others before him, Matthias wants to die too. But when he descends into his rocky gorge, the shade of Garth requires him to turn back into life again, and build up once more all he has lost.

This brutal and uncompromising story is called by the publishers "a study of the underworld of emotions in the lives of four people, each of whom meets defeat in a different way." As an analysis this does not seem very satisfactory. Natalie could scarcely be called a failure. Rather she seems stupid and frightened and finally weak; and all four people try to meet defeat in exactly the same manner, for all their mental turnings. It is a dark fable, which Robinson might have made more understandable had he chosen to unravel a little the metrical complexity of his statements, and to speak out, now and then at least, in a manner clear and plain. But he does not choose, and many of us are left in the dark, and still wishing for a return of the old Robinson, whose work was less complex, but far more moving and alive.

Witter Bynner's new volume is called *Eden Tree* (Knopf, $2.50). It is a story of the spiritual progress of a man under adversity, and it shows plainly the marks of the influence of Conrad Aiken in its large pattern, though not in the detail. It is written in the free ode style, with lines of any length, rhymed any way at all, but almost always rhymed. This is a hard form to manage, as it compels no compression, and tends to string the subject out, and allow the ubiquitous rhymes to lead it astray in places, giving a long, lush and rambling quality to the ideas. These effects are apparent in *Eden Tree*. Witter Bynner at his best and in his own characteristic style is polished, brief, concentrated and intense; in this looser manner he is far too diffuse, and his psychological and philosophical document, the statement of a man at middle age, lacks force because it lacks shape. Often the lines are beautiful and the figures very striking, but too often their

What to Read

FICTION

American Beauty, by Edna Ferber: Doubleday, Doran. A story of early Colonial settlement, its growth, decay, and final replacement by the new order.

First Person Singular, by Somerset Maugham: Doubleday, Doran. Worldly and brilliant short stories.

Finch's Fortune, by Mazo de la Roche; Little, Brown. The third book about the Whiteoaks family of Jalna.

A Calendar of Sin, by Evelyn Scott: Cape & Smith. An absorbing chronicle in two volumes of American manners and morals.

The Dutch Shoe Mystery, by Ellery Queen: Stokes. A good yarn for those who like puzzlers.

NON-FICTION

The Epic of America, by James Truslow Adams: Little, Brown. The growth and prospects of the American dream; an interpretation of the rise of American civilization.

Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw, A Correspondence: Putnam. Interesting, charming, witty.

Savage Paradise, by Margaret Matches: Century. An American girl in New Guinea; something really different in a travel book.

America Weighs Her Gold, by James Harvey Rogers: Yale University Press. For those who want a clear explanation of the effect of the gold supply on economic problems today.

Mahatma Gandhi at Work, edited by C. F. Andrews: Macmillan. The second volume of Gandhi's autobiography, giving a complete view of the man and his philosophy.

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author drops you suddenly into the banal of sound and sense.

The story is that of a man who, having lost the woman he loves, turns to the world to see what it still holds to console and distract him. He turns to a friend, to a prostitute, to drink, to God, and to Nature; and he finds most comfort in the last. During the space of his search he relives the life of Adam, and takes Lilith and also Eve into his arms.

But we have heard too often of the prostitute glorified, and of Lilith and the snake, to believe that they symbolize important discoveries in any very mature philosophy. Middle age, according to *Eden Tree,* offers little more to the mind and heart than does early youth; which is interesting, but leaves the reader somewhere between belief and unbelief.

American Poetry from the Beginning to Whitman (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50), edited by Louis Untermeyer, is an excellent volume for the student and the library. This anthology is a companion volume to Louis Untermeyer's *Modern American Poetry,* and it is full of well-ordered information and well-chosen poems. The collection is frankly critical, and concerns itself with reëstimating the older poets who fell into disfavor when Victorianism became unpopular, and in making new choices from their works, so that much that was popular and bad in the average anthologies has been culled and much that was almost unknown but good has been reinstated. A general preface describing the beginnings of American poetry, and tracing its authors and its trends as far as Whitman, opens the book; and there is a biographical introduction to each author besides. The order of material is chronological, and the editor has included a goodly quantity of the work of obscure poets such as Joel Barlow, George Hill, Edward Coote Pinkney, Thomas Holley Chivers, Jones Very, and a number of others, with the result that his collection is meaty and well rounded; and it is put together with good sense and careful judgment.

Full reference lists and indices complete the volume, which is altogether an excellent and scholarly piece of work.

BERNICE KENYON.

The Week's Reading

Leonard Wood, a Biography
By Hermann Hagedorn
Harper & Bros.
2 Vols., $10.00

Whatever his virtues and faults, Leonard Wood had one outstanding quality. He suffered cruel disappointments and more than his share of ill-fortune, but he never gave way to vain regrets. He was never crushed. He found some task to do and so kept on with the task of living. If a moral must be found in the life of an important man, this is the moral in the life of Leonard Wood. Mr. Hagedorn's biography is, obviously, "official" in the sense that it was written with the coöperation of the family. It must be judged with this in mind and with, perhaps, the realization that the author is sometimes counsel for the defense rather than historian. Mr. Hagedorn would doubtless be the first to admit this and the admission detracts in no way from the story of a brave and intelligent soldier whose fate it was to win great victories for every one except himself.

A first duty of the biographer, after all, is to make vivid and clear the life epic of his subject. He may choose to do this with overtones of criticism or appraisal or praise. Mr. Hagedorn has selected praise, but he has written a moving story with full appreciation of the undernote of tragedy in the career of General Wood. It is a full-length biography, based on exhaustive research, upon painstaking examination of all the available material. It starts with the boyhood of Leonard Wood on Cape Cod and moves swiftly through the years at the Harvard Medical College, through the Apache campaigns in Arizona, the Spanish War, Governor of Cuba, labors in the Philippines, duties as Chief of Staff in Washington and then through the work of impressing upon America the need for preparedness. The climax lies in General Wood's rejection for leadership in France and in his defeat for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1920.

General Wood was never merely a military man. His outstanding achievements, of course, were as colonial administrator and Mr. Hagedorn demonstrates beyond successful contradiction that his talents in that rôle were preëminent. And yet Wood—as men nearly always are—was his own worst enemy. He was a soldier. He obeyed orders. But he constantly sought to shape those orders. He was exceedingly ambitious, as Mr. Hagedorn frankly admits, but his lack of diplomacy and tact brought defeat of his ambitions in the end. More than anything else, a malignant fate pursued him. He dared to have been the friend of Theodore Roosevelt and then faced Woodrow Wilson as a commander-in-chief. It is too soon for the final verdict upon the decision of President Wilson, Secretary of War Baker and General Pershing to deny General Wood a command in France. This must wait upon publication of all of Woodrow Wilson's letters and a more detailed explanation by Mr. Baker. But Mr. Hagedorn makes it amply clear that General Wood, although he may have disqualified himself for service abroad, was shabbily treated.

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HENRY F. PRINGLE.

Psychology: Science or Superstition?
By Grace Adams
Covici, Friede, Inc., $2.50

It may be misleading to suggest that Dr. Adams would answer, to the question she herself puts, "Yes and no." Let no reader infer that she is evading the issue, for it is unquestionably true that this particular question about psychology admits of no categorical reply. One may search the comparatively recent history of modern psychology, born in Wundt's laboratories at Leipzig in 1879, to find successive strata of honest scientific method and opportunistic quackery. There was Wundt, amassing his experimental data under the strictest scientific conditions, and there was Jastrow, sitting in a booth at the Chicago World Fair, offering to measure the minds of any and all comers. There was William James, who set up the first psychology laboratory in Harvard and wrote the first explicit evaluation of the new science (Lincoln Steffens, in his autobiography, tells a revealing anecdote of this book's effect upon Wundt, who devoured it from cover to cover in one reading!), and there was Morton Prince, who clung to hypnotism and crystal gazing. And there are, today, the violent conflicts among the behaviorists, the gestaltists, and those purposive psychologists who are "still swimming—in the soothing waters of metaphysics, which lead into the caverns of theology."

At any rate the question offers a splendid instrument for gauging the shifting winds of psychological doctrine. Dr. Adams has written of James that his attitude had about it "an urbanity, a touch of humor and lightness. . . ." It is pleasant to note that she herself possesses the very same attributes, in large measure. These, with her genuine erudition and her own uncompromising honesty, combine to make this volume stimulating and penetrative.

N. L. ROTHMAN.

Temperamental Jane: The Strange Story of Carlyle's Wife
By Grove Wilson
Ives Washburn, $2.50

To transmute Jane Welsh Carlyle's life into fiction-form was a clever idea, but has inherent difficulties. The author naturally felt that Jane's early suitors (she had several) should play a prominent part in the novel, and that its climax should be the marriage. But in fact it is only after Thomas appears on the scene that the history of Jane's life becomes important. Thus the "novel" is in bad proportion and perspective. One thing we may be thankful for—that Mr. Wilson avoids the example of Froude and the worse example of the heavy-going Alexander Carlyle in failing to see that, however much Jane and Thomas quarrelled, they also deeply loved. The gist of it all is put tersely in a review in THE OUTLOOK by Lyman Abbott, many years ago, of the "Love Letters." He said: "They were both invalids, more or less dyspeptic, nervously highstrung, moody and fitful in temperament, and she had a jealous microbe in her disposition. But that they were lovers to the last and devoted to each other in good and evil fortune, no one, we think, could well doubt who had ever been in love himself. Which leads us to doubt whether James Anthony Froude was ever in love."

R. D. TOWNSEND.

Behind the Blurbs

Night at Lost End
By George Agnew Chamberlain
Brewer Warren & Putnam, $2.00

Stuart, the tenant at Lost End Farm, lifted the receiver at ten o'clock at night to put in a long distance call, and heard a girl's voice. Some one was speaking on the extension up at the big house—and the big house was empty. Nor was there any answer when the operator tried repeatedly to get one. So after fighting down a bad fit of the creeps, Stuart set out to investigate. How he found the girl, fell in love with her, hunted for a corpse and watched for the return of a murderer, makes a highly credible and exciting romantic mystery.

If I Were You
By P. G. Wodehouse
Doubleday Doran, $2.00

Ma Price, once nurse to Anthony, fifth Earl of Droitwich, and mother of Syd Price, the barber, admits when in her cups at the beginning of this story, that many years ago she chynged the bybies in their crydles. So that Syd takes his place as the rightful earl, and Anthony takes over the barber shop. The latter gets rather the best of the bargain, what with the pretty American manicurist and all, and earling doesn't agree very well with Syd. If laughing doesn't make you faint or anything, we suggest you read this new Wodehouse number to find out what happened after that.

Pirate's Purchase
By Ben Ames Williams
Dutton, $2.50

A well-handled adventure story of what happened on St. Anne's Island off the coast of Ga. when Masteran invited three other capitalists down to discuss the scheme in which Lingo had interested him. During a fancy dress party, the capitalists are kidnapped, the mysterious Shad (not a fish) appears, falls for Norma, Masteran's daughter, and with her involuntarily joins the kidnapping party, whereupon there's some quick and clever action, including a little pistol practice, which clears all the villainy out of the course of true love.

Charles Francis Coe's About 2 A. M.
Cosmopolitan, $2.00

At the very outset of the story Lemuel Tobias Bekins sees the evidence, deducts the problematical from it, and realizes who the murderer is. Nothing is reserved for a trick ending; everything that Bekins knows, the reader knows also. This is not true. The most important piece of evidence is a fact which Bekins notices at the time, but which is not revealed until the final explanation takes place. This weakens the whole plot, and makes the reader feel, quite rightly, that he has been cheated.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

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Music

Notable New Recordings

THIS business of supply and demand has always been pretty much of a mystery to me. This in spite of the fact that while in college I specialized in economics—and now look at the darned thing! The problem has been lately still further complicated by what is known as the depression. And in the midst of it all, what has the Columbia Company gone and done? They have issued a complete *Il Trovatore* in two albums and on fourteen double-sided twelve-inch disks—price $21.50[1]. Of its class, of course, *Il Trovatore* is of the best and Columbia has recorded it very well indeed, with soloists and chorus of La Scala Theatre, Milan, and the Milan Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Lorenzo Molajoli. I'm just wondering who, among those who want the whole of the Verdi warhorse on records, have the requisite.

Occasionally German has a word for something which less robust tongues cannot hope to rival. *Schwanda, der Dudelsack-pfeifer* has to be translated as *Schwanda, the Bagpipe-player*. It is the German name of an opera, supposedly Czecho-Slovakian in the manner of Smetana, by a gentleman called Jaromir Weinberger. It is to be performed this coming season by our Metropolitan Opera Company and if you want a competently played sample of it in advance you could do far worse than get the *Fantasia* based on its themes as recorded by the Charlottenburg Opera Orchestra under Alois Melichar[2]. Not having heard the complete opera, I nevertheless rashly predict that it will have more success than *Jonny Spielt auf*. There seems to be a good deal more reason for its existence.

Victor, as is their wont, again play safe in the operatic field, but this time give us a couple of Wagnerian records that are not only inexpensive (compared to the above *Il Trovatore*), but which are uncommonly worth-while listening to. On one the dependable Chicago Symphony Orchestra, directed by Frederick Stock, plays the *Tannhäuser—Fest Marsch* and the *Prelude to Act* 3 from *Lohengrin*[3]. On the other Elisabeth Rethberg and Friedrich Schorr sing *Hat Mann mit dem Schuhwerk* and *Sieh' Ev'chen i dacht' ich doch* from the third act of *Die Meistersinger*[4]. Both are as good short Wagnerian selections as you are likely to find.

O. C.-T.

1. Columbia Operatic Series No. 9-A.
2. Brunswick 90196.
3. Victor 7386.
4. Victor 8195.

Prose and Worse

IN A LETTER upholding her brother-in-law's claim to poetic talent, Mrs. Saphira Hooker writes: "As to his remark about the bottle, perhaps I can shed some light. He was always catching flies and caterpillars and things and keeping them in a bottle. When he got mad, as he often did, he let them out to annoy people—in school, I mean. He'd rent the bottle out to the other boys, but when he wanted it, they always had to pass it back. That's probably what he means. He remembers his old way of revenging himself."

This seemed reasonable enough to us, but when we showed the letter to the Capt., he denied all knowledge of any such bottle. "I've had a lot to do with bottles in my time," he said. "Man and boy, I've probably dreened millions of 'em—and let me tell you right now, when I take one up, I don't put it down until it's empty. But *bugs!* No bug could live in any bottle I carry! Well, Saphira's a good girl—though a little on the silly side, if you take me—and I don't like to say anything against her, but she's got her stories mixed up. It was her husband, Ananias, the bug-and-bottle story was about. He was a bootlegger in a small way—light wines he made from his own grapes, and he kept a lot of spiders to spin cobwebs over the bottles so they'd look old. Sometimes more of the wine got into 'Nias than into the bottles, and there was a good many complaints. 'Nias died of a spider bite, so they say, though all there was to prove it was that he went ravin' crazy and died mutterin' about red and blue spiders.

"He was something of a poet himself, too, in his day, though bein' an illiterate sort of a country feller, his verses weren't anything to print on handmade van Gelder paper. One of 'em, I remember, went like this:

She's went! She's went! She's gone and went!
With tears my eyes is wet.
No more upon them parlor chairs
Beside me she will set.

Ah, never more will her and me
Be lovers,—yet I yearn
But once to gaze with soulful looks
Into them eyes of her'n.

Last night I takes her out to one
Of them there picture shows;
I asks her if she'd marry me,
(I wears my Sunday clothes.)

"Oh leave me wear your ring," she says;
"Your watch and chain also;
And pass me out them diamond studs
To prove you love me so!"

"What's mine is your'n," I says, and give
Them to her then and there.
There isn't nothing in the world
I'd not have did for her.

She's went away: she done me dirt;—
I mean to cast no slur—
Yet something tells me now that I
Have saw the last of her.

O, leave me weep, and leave me cry,
And leave me sob and moan!
No more, my hand in her'n, we'll set
Where now I set alone!

WALTER R. BROOKS.

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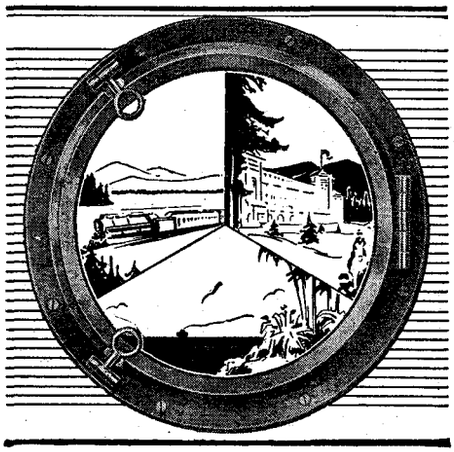

THE SOUTHWEST

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The New Wild West

(*Continued from Page 273*)

ing community over a period of years, the good people being discouraged and scattered, the riffraff and the low I. Q.'s remaining. If American cattle and wheat-raising go on for a hundred years without profit and without hope, they will be left eventually in the hands of an inferior and a dull-witted race, as they are in Europe—the too-dull-witted to get out. And as much of the political power will remain in rural hands—oh, well, things to worry about at a rodeo.

One thing has to be said for rodeos. As they are conducted today under Rodeo Association of America rules, the talk about their being brutal is pure bosh. Because I was curious about a few matters, I hunted up the S. P. C. A. man who was at the chutes all through the performance, overlooking the saddling.

"What about this story of tacks under the saddle?" I asked him. "Every one in the East has heard that they put tacks under the saddle to make the horses buck."

"Not any more," he said, grinning slightly. A strap, well-protected with sheep skin and passing under the rear half of the body where it tightens with the horse's movements, is the device in use today.

The R. A. A. rules speak for themselves. In the steer-roping contest the rider is required to stop the steer from his horse, but is disqualified if he throws it. "Bulldogging" has been done away with, and a modification known as "steer decorating" has been substituted. Formerly the rider galloped out of the chutes neck and neck with the steer, leaped from his horse to the animal's horns and twisted its head, bringing it to the ground. In ninety-nine per cent of the cases the steer rose undamaged, but in the hundredth it broke a horn or its neck, and there was a good deal of justifiable criticism. Today the rider makes a jump for the horns and stops the steer as before, but instead of throwing it he snaps an elastic band on its nose. In the bronc riding, the rider has to "scratch" his mount fore and aft in the traditional manner, but his spurs have to be taped so that the points are not exposed. As with horseshows, however, some rodeos are not under the Association, and the case then may be very different.

The later events of the afternoon were being started from the other end of the arena, and the crowd had moved down there, but I stayed behind talking with one of the chute men. He wore overalls, of course, and the usual wide-brimmed hat, which showed hard service. He was shy at first, though he quickly unbent. The rodeo management pays five dollars an afternoon to the chute men, who do the saddling and starting, and it pays the same to the arena men or "hazers," who work on horseback in the ring and drive the animals out at the end.

We climbed up and stood on the top rail of the chute to get a better view of the calf roping. This is probably the most complicated and technical event on the rodeo program, and the one providing the least thrill for the spectators. More than any other, it is a test of a good cowhand. The man has to rope his calf from horseback without throwing it, dismount, throw the calf by hand, and tie its feet, but the spectators at a rodeo are not aware of the fine points. At Salinas the purse offered for calf roping was $360 as against $885 for bull-riding, for example, which is a stunt, spectacular but not useful. We watched one man having a hard struggle to throw his calf. He wrestled with it while his time went on and on. The spectators laughed; the chute man did not.

"That's an awful big calf," he said.

More seconds passed, and the crowd snickered while the voice from the loud speaker drawled: "He's been an hour and five minutes so far."

"Look at the size of that calf," the chute man said indignantly. "Why didn't they give him a bull?"

The contest ended.

Out on the track which ran round the arena some sort of race was going on and girls in jockey costumes were flashing by. The chute man said: "Wait here a minute. I'm going to get my wife."

HE RETURNED presently with a small brown woman in knickerbockers who climbed up with us. She was not as pretty as the wives of the important men; her skin showed the effects of too much sun and too little cold cream. We all stood precariously on the top rail of the chute and talked about rodeos and other matters. Her husband was not following rodeos from choice; he would much rather work on a ranch, but work on ranches was hard to find. They hoped to be on a ranch near Livermore this winter. The announcer's voice kept floating into our talk:

"—For the trophy given by the J. C. Penney Company, of Salinas—" "—announcing system was donated by the Standard Oil Company of California."

But work on ranches was hard to find. I said good-bye to the chute man and his wife and wished them luck about the

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ranch, and the deputy sheriff escorted me back through the deep dust to the side where I was supposed to belong. The crowd was laughing at the antics of two clowns, clowns from the circus dressed up in a ghoulish travesty of western costume, who summed up the whole show about as well as anything.

In the stands at the close of the performance, talking with officials and important people, I was asked a number of times whether I didn't think the rodeo was a tremendous success at recapturing the spirit and the color and the picturesqueness of the old West. In the individuals who asked me that I encountered again the same curious blankness on the subject of the contestants and such, the same surprise that any one should be interested in *them*. I tried once to explain. My listener heard me out.

"Yes, but after all," he said, "why be romantic about farm hands?"

I couldn't think of a thing to reply.

Roosevelt: A Biography

(*Continued from Page 277*)

and terrible mistake." Roosevelt was a dashing figure; mounted on his horse, shouting encouragement, easily distinguishable because of a blue, polka-dot handkerchief which he had draped on the brim of his sombrero and which floated in the breeze "like a guidon." But the line of men which followed seemed pathetically thin, and a good many dropped on the way up the hill.

To Roosevelt, it was the ultimate in warfare. "Are you afraid to stand up when I am on horseback?" he demanded of one or two reluctant troopers. ". . . . Let my men through, sir!" he commanded a regular army officer. Other pleasant details lingered in Roosevelt's memory, through all the long years, until he died. "I waved my hat and we went up the hill with a rush," he wrote in his autobiography.

"I rose over those regular army officers like a balloon," he said twenty years later.

In retrospect, the battle of July 1, 1898, assumed in Roosevelt's mind the aspects of a pleasantly dangerous sporting event. He forgot that on the two days which followed, while the First Volunteer Cavalry waited in the trenches, there had been moments of great discouragement. On July 3 he scribbled a note to Lodge pointing to the need for reinforcements: ". . . . we are within measurable distance of a terrible military disaster; we *must* have help—thousands of men, batteries and *food* and ammunition . . . . we lost a quarter of our men . . . . how I have escaped I know not." It was on that day, a Sunday, that Shafter telegraphed to Washington his intention of retreating. Ill and disheartened, the commanding officer was urging Admiral Sampson to save the army by forcing an entrance into Santiago harbor. That day, also, Cervera ventured out and was destroyed. Santiago fell and no further fighting had to be done by the land forces. On July 5 a friend of the family addressed a letter to Mrs. Roosevelt:

. . . . No hunting trip so far has ever equalled it in Theodore's eyes. . . . When I caught up with him the day of the charge . . . . [he] was revelling in victory and gore. . . . He had just "doubled up a Spanish officer like a jack-rabbit" as he retired from a block house—and he encouraged us to "look at those damned Spanish dead."

"Did I tell you that I killed a Spaniard with my own hand . . . . ?" Roosevelt demanded of Lodge, and added with disarming candor: "Probably I did. For some time . . . . you will hear from me a great many . . . . anecdotes of this war." At the start of this letter he wrote:

I do not want to be vain, but I do not think that anyone else could have handled this regiment quite as I have handled it. . . . It has done as well as any of the regular regiments and infinitely better than any of the volunteer regiments, and indeed, frankly, I think it has done better than the regulars with the exception of one or two of the best regular regiments.

War without action had no interest for Roosevelt. He wrote to the Secretary of War on July 23, 1898, hoping that his regiment would be sent to Porto Rico. When there was no indication that further excitement lay ahead, and when yellow fever began to sweep through the humid camps, his only desire was to get home. Besides, Cabot Lodge was writing that he was a hero, and thoughts of political preferment doubtless made war seem less attractive. The sickness among the men resulted in the Round Robin which constituted the third great controversy of the Spanish War. Wood had been made military governor of Cuba, and Roosevelt was an acting brigadier. The Round Robin was to Roosevelt's credit. A day or so before the end of July General Shafter called a staff meeting at which every one agreed that the troops must be moved. Some of the regular army officers, nervous about their careers, suggested that Roosevelt, being a volunteer, should write the letter setting forth the facts. This he immediately agreed to do. The letter was drafted, and then the other officers decided they would sign an appeal of their own. Meanwhile, the correspondent for the *Associated Press* had heard of the plan and went with Roosevelt to Shafter's headquarters. The letter was presented. The major-general waved it away in the direction of the newspaper man, saying that he did not want it. Presumably this was to escape responsibility. This version, which is Roosevelt's, is fully confirmed by the dispatches which appeared throughout the country on August 5, 1898.

Secretary Alger was indignant. He made public a letter Roosevelt had written on July 23 containing disparaging remarks about national guard regiments. It could only have been done with malicious intent, to embarrass Roosevelt in his political ambitions. The adjutant-general intimated that the affliction at Santiago might not be yellow fever or malaria at all, but "homesickness." It was, he assured the country, rarely fatal. But the swivel chair warriors at Washington backed down. The regiments at Santiago were called home. They landed at Montauk on Long Island from the transport *Miami* on the morning of August 15, and Roosevelt remarked, as he looked at his disease-shaken man, "I feel disgracefully well!"

The great adventure was over. Two weeks or so were needed to muster out the troops. The Rough Riders, sauntering through the streets of New York during this interval, were the heroes of the town. On September 4, at the Montauk camp, the Colonel paid farewell to his army. "We are knit closer together than any body of men I know of," he said. "I would honestly rather have my

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of October 31, 1951

"It would greatly benefit the nation," said President Mortarboard of East and West University last week, "if in periods of national emergency the heads of the five leading universities automatically became an advisory board, meeting daily at the White House and directing the acts of the President."

Debutante parties were given last Tuesday night at the Waldoria Hotel, Metroburg, for Miss Mary Hull, daughter of Mrs. John Jones, Miss Jane Collins, daughter of Mrs. William Harris, and Miss Helen Robinson, daughter of Mrs. George Smith.

"Let me remind you," said President Graber at the Tunnel Engineers Society's annual banquet last week, "that the no-speed-limit vehicular tunnel under Central Park, New York, from Fifth Avenue and 59th Street to Eighth Avenue and 110th Street, paid for itself, at ten cents a car, in eighteen months."

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For the best Remarkable Remarks contributed by Outlook readers the Outlook will award weekly prizes of $5 for the one judged best, and $2 each for as many more as may be adjudged worthy of inclusion in the column.

Entries for each week's contest close at 12 o'clock noon on the Monday of the week preceding date of publication.

All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the page upon which the Remarkable Remark is to be found, must be submitted.

All Remarkable Remarks must be accompanied by a single sentence explaining why the contributor considers the contributed remark remarkable.

In case two or more contributors submit the same Remarkable Remark which is judged worthy of any prize, the contributor whose Remarkable Remark is accompanied by the best—briefest and wittiest—explanatory sentence will be awarded the prize.

The editors of the Outlook are the sole judges of the contest and are ineligible to compete. All contributions should be sent to the Remarkable Remarks Editor.

position of Colonel than any other position on earth." Then he thrust his chin forward, and saved himself from showing undue emotion by offering a moral precept to his men.

"Don't get gay and pose as heroes," he warned. "Don't go back and lie on your laurels, they'll wither."

Roosevelt never forgot his Rough Riders nor, indeed, did these heroes forget their Colonel. By 1899 he was governor of New York and found himself besieged with petitions for jobs by veterans who "looked upon the Governor . . . . as their chief and only adviser and friend." In 1901 Roosevelt admitted that "they have driven me nearly wild." Mrs. Roosevelt, he added, had described their sensations as those of "the parents of a thousand very large and bad children." It was impossible to take care of all of them, but he did his best as long as he held office. A Rough Rider, to him, was always better qualified for some appointment than the other aspirants. Roosevelt was aware of this weakness. In January, 1906, when Secretary of War Taft asked for the appointment of a Yale man to some post in the Southwest, the President wrote:

I guess Yale '78 has the call, as there seems to be no Rough Rider available and every individual in the Southern District of the Indian Territory (including every Rough Rider) appears to be either under indictment, convicted, or in a position that renders it imperatively necessary that he should be indicted. Let us, therefore, appoint George Walker, Yale '78, charge to Taft, and see if the Senate (God bless them!) will confirm him.

The epic of ex-Sergeant Benjamin Franklin Daniels, once sheriff of Dodge City, Kansas, indicates that even incarceration in the penitentiary did not disbar a Rough Rider from sharing Roosevelt's bounty. On entering the White House President Roosevelt had been anxious to do something for Daniels, who had been a brave soldier, and he meditated appointing him United States Marshal of Arizona. The plan had to be abandoned, however, when it developed that Daniels, at the moment, was in the territorial prison because of some minor homicide. Roosevelt kept Daniels in mind, however, and shortly afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel Brodie, another cherished trooper, was selected for governor of the Territory of Arizona. A note to Cabot Lodge on June 4, 1902, revealed that Roosevelt had found a post for Daniels as well; one which the overmeticulous Senate could not pass upon. The President had persuaded Brodie to install the sergeant as warden of the penitentiary in which he had recently been an involuntary guest.

"When I told this to John Hay," said Roosevelt, "he remarked (with a brutal absence of feeling) that he believed the proverb ran, 'Set a Rough Rider to catch a thief'."

•

Roosevelt came within an ace of losing the nomination for governor because he had signed certain tax affidavits which might have changed his citizenship status, as told in the next installment. But he did win the governorship and made a passably good governor, though he boasted that he was better than either Cleveland or Tilden. Talk of his availability for the Presidency irritated the powers of the G. O. P. and T. R. annoyed them still further by appearing at the national convention wearing a near-military hat. But, ever restless, T. R. pressed on to the Presidency. This installment traces many of the mannerisms and statements forever associated with the name of T. R.

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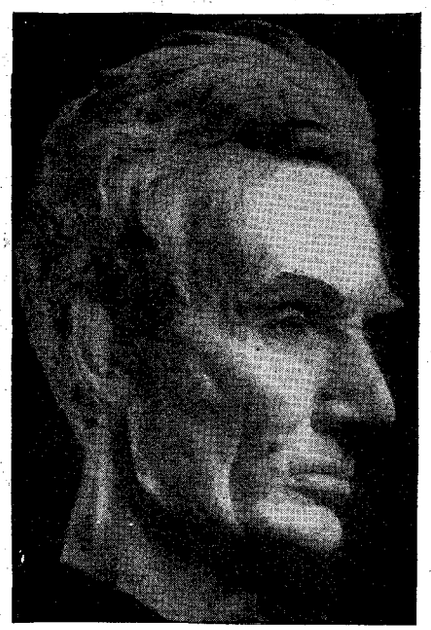

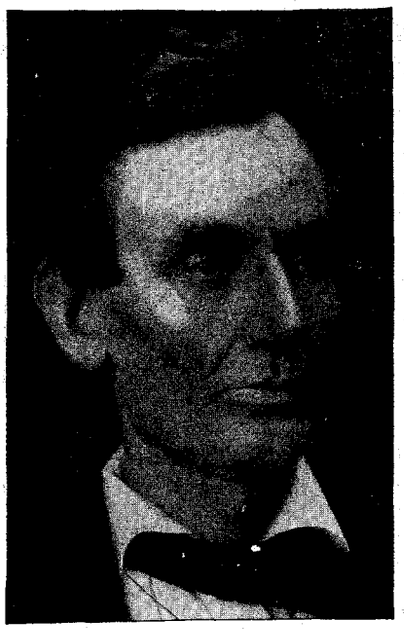

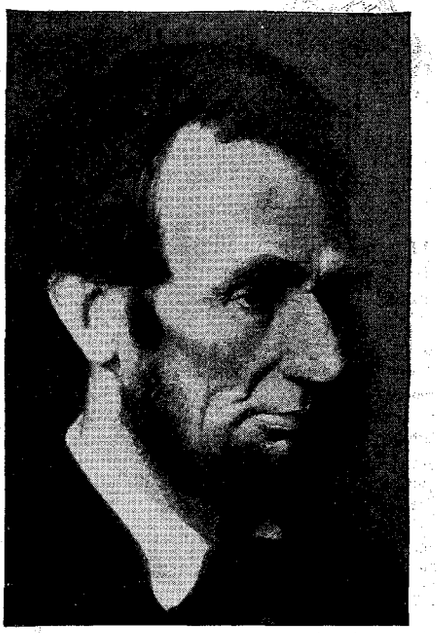

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We know about Washington, about Cæsar, about Alexander the Great only as well as second-hand testimony can reveal them to us. But here is a great soul whose hand we can almost grasp —*there are people alive today who knew Lincoln well and knew as they spoke with him that his name would become immortal!*

We Americans of today need to rest a while from our dizzy pace and gather from Lincoln's experiences something of the poise, the astuteness, the great manliness, the tenderness that appear in the face of this American of only yesterday.

Let us spend an evening now and then with Lincoln on his rocky path to the Presidency; let us see how he acted during the tumult of the year of his election. What did he say to his enemies? How did he get along with his family? What did he do about solving the ten thousand problems that arise in any man's life?

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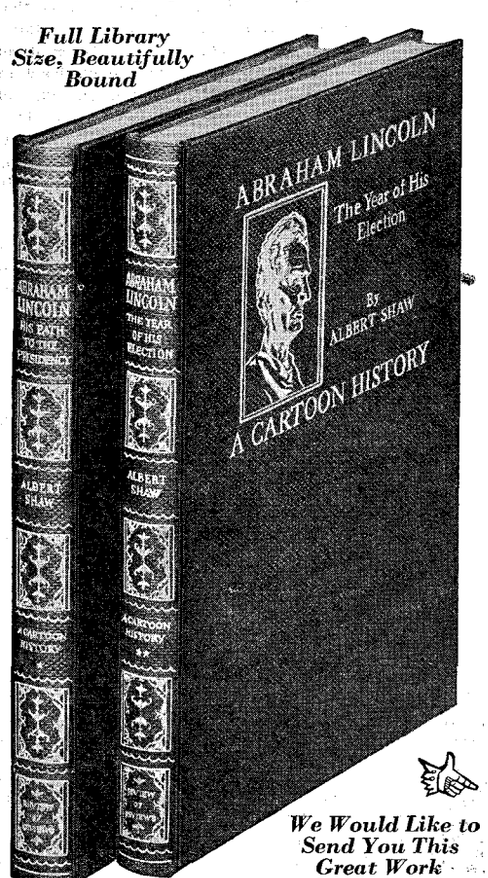

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